JUNE 11, 1976 75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NewTimes®

You can't trust Jimmy Carter
by the speechwriter who quit

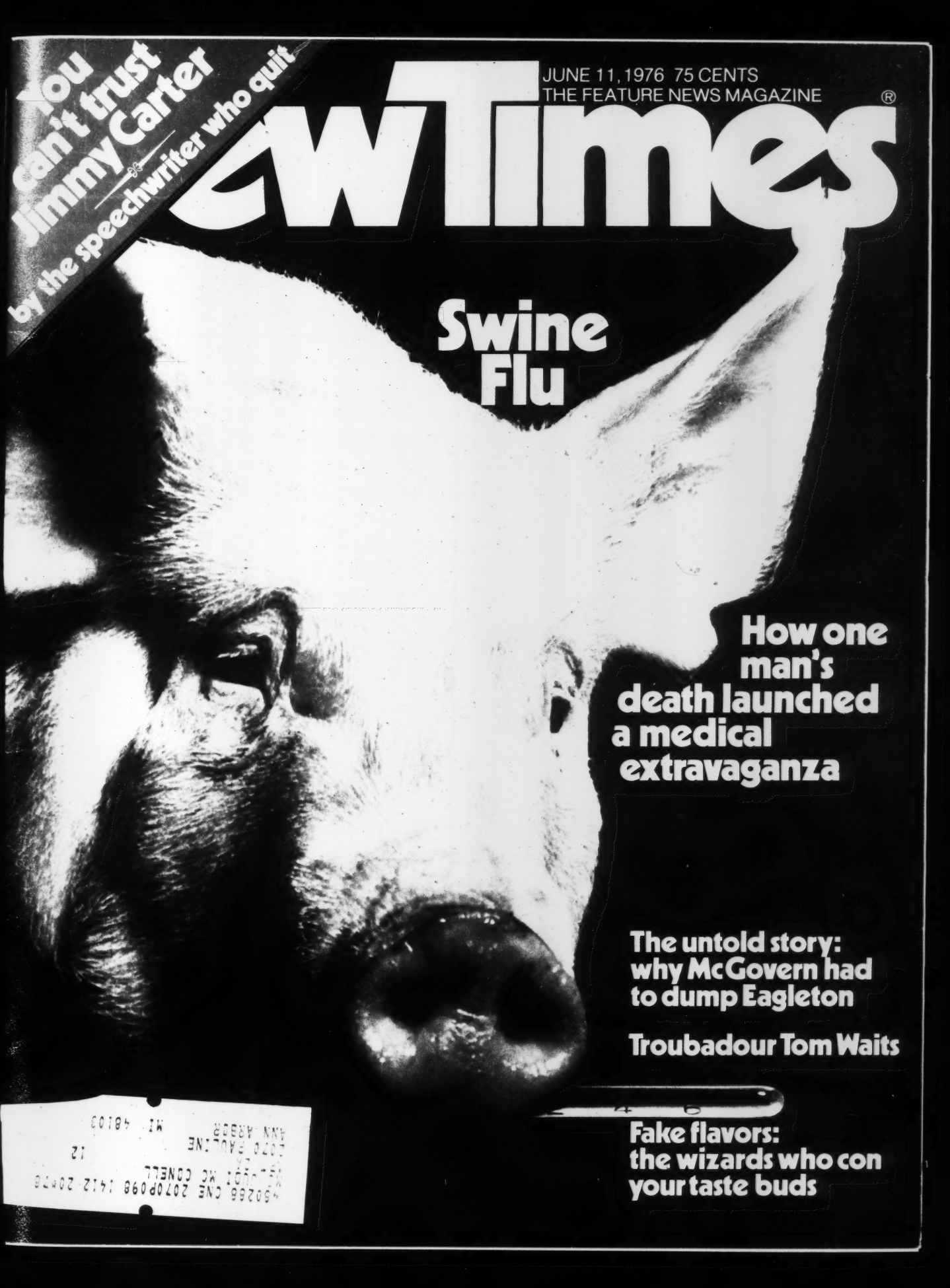
Swine Flu

How one man's death launched a medical extravaganza

The untold story: why McGovern had to dump Eagleton

Troubadour Tom Waits

Fake flavors: the wizards who con your taste buds



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NewTimes

JUNE 11, 1976
VOLUME 6, NUMBER 12

No private smiles

When speechwriter Robert Shrum joined Jimmy Carter's campaign, he had high hopes. A veteran of the McGovern campaign, Shrum believed the Georgian was usually right on issues and, what's more, could win. After nine days of listening to Carter's double-talk and half-truths, Shrum resigned. Winning, as he explains in this daily record of the episode, is important—but not *all* important.

By Robert Shrum

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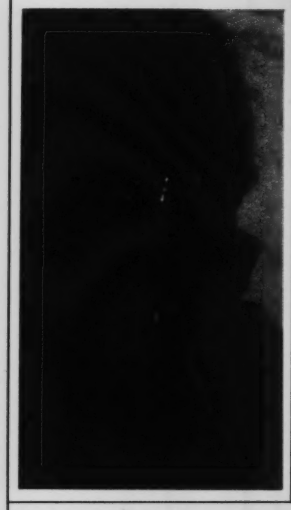

Sweating out the swine flu scare

After swine flu broke out at Fort Dix, Congress promptly approved a $135 million mass vaccination campaign. Nevertheless, scientists and government officials continue to be haunted by the specter of the 1918 pandemic that killed 20 million people.

By Larry Wright

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COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

Today the strawberry, tomorrow. . . .

Think your morning grapefruit juice comes from real grapefruits? Think again. Master flavorists can now reproduce the taste of almost any food by simply mixing a few chemicals.

By Ruth Rosenbaum

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Play it again, Tom

Scat-singing, song-writing Tom Waits is hard at work reviving and reworking the old tunes of cocktail piano players and the jazz riffs of Beat poets.

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Slow Down

Forgetting/By James S. Kunen

The war is over now—over for just a year. Seems like forever. Bad memories travel fast down the tunnel, and we've come out into the light. We've forgotten the war, forgotten the warmakers, but those who opposed the war we don't forget.

We remember the young men who refused to fight and sought refuge in Canada. About 12,000 remain exiles, unable to set foot in their homeland without fear of prosecution or deportation. We take care that they never return to their families. We patrol our borders against them.

We remember all the soldiers who did not cooperate with their commanders. Four hundred sixty-three thousand from the war years are burdened by other than honorable discharges. They are outcasts. We preserve their records carefully. They did not follow orders well.

We forget only the warmakers. Remember Dean Rusk? Secretary of state under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Thirty thousand Americans killed in Vietnam during his term of office and I don't know how many Vietnamese. He always justified the war by reference to our collective security treaties. We must stand by our allies, stand up to aggression—that was the lesson of Munich: aggressors cannot be appeased; an inch will be followed by a mile. To withdraw, he warned, "would subject this country to mortal danger."

"There is no question but that successful aggression in Southeast Asia would have consequences not confined to Asia. Asian Communist leaders have themselves called Viet-Nam a crucial test of the technique of what they call, in their upside-down language, 'wars of national liberation,'" he said in 1968. "Those who would abandon Southeast Asia must seriously address themselves to the effect which such action would have upon our other treaties of alliance. The credibility of these treaties is vital to their deterrent capability. Surely we could all agree that the deterrence of war must be a major objective in a world in which the danger of miscalculation is the greatest of all dangers." But by thinking that Vietnam in the sixties was Europe in the thirties, he made the greatest of miscalculations, and that made him the most dangerous of men.

So when Dean Rusk, now a professor of law at the University of Georgia Law School, came to speak at a symposium at the New York University School of Law recently, you might have expected an angry demonstration, some picketing, at the very least a boycott of his speech. There was nothing.

Professor Rusk, a physically large man, as so many of our leaders are, walked down the aisle of the half-filled auditorium and took his seat on the stage. The moderator introduced his speech on law and international affairs. The audience applauded politely.

Rusk began by noting that he had "dropped out of the world of decision and into the luxury of the world of opinion." There was no murmur from the audience at this self-serving little dig, this reference to the rulers' axiom that

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

they alone know the score and anyone on the outside is no one to criticize, is no one at all, because he is soft and untested, he is effete, he lives in a luxurious world, the world of opinion, to which one is, of course, always entitled.

Rusk proceeded to deliver one of his high-school social studies speeches: international law can be seen as norms of conduct, as a means of dispute settlement, as an instrument of persuasion. The survival of nations may depend on law, he said; and speaking of survival, our best hope is collective security. But he said support for collective security is at a low ebb in the United States, and he said that's understandable, "because it hasn't been so collective. In Vietnam, 80 percent of non-Vietnamese forces were American. If we've got to take 50,000 casualties per decade, people don't want it." He didn't stumble. He didn't wince. The audience listened attentively.

Rusk spoke of the problems of "the so-called Third World" and "the so-called have-not nations." "Either we're going to put our heads together to solve these problems in a rational way, or these problems will result in warfare. . . . I do not believe that we are here to turn this beautiful planet into a moonscape," he said. But that's *exactly* what the Vietnamese countryside looked like when we'd done with it—defoliated, cratered, it looked like nothing so much as the moon.

"We have to try to solve these problems," he concluded, or else "shiver in a foxhole awaiting extinction." The shameless reference to the foxhole brought no shouts of protest from the audience, no gasps of surprise. Nothing but applause. A healthy round of applause for the distinguished professor from the University of Georgia.

I caught Rusk on his way out and asked him, politely, of course, in a properly circumspect manner, if he ever felt guilty. He backed off a step and leaned into his answer. "I've been asked that before," he said, "and I'm not going to take advantage of any opportunities for mea culpas. Presidents Kennedy and Johnson pursued a policy they thought was correct. They don't have the opportunity to speak for themselves now, and I'm not going to slide off the deck. Maybe we were wrong to make the pledges we made in the fifties. Maybe we were wrong to get in the way we did, or maybe we were wrong to get out the way we did. I think it's too soon to say. It may take ten or 20 years before we know. Maybe people will say Kennedy and Johnson and those fellows Rusk and McNamara went too far." He looked me straight in the eye as he spoke, his rheumy eyes dark, infinitely weary, impenetrable. "Or maybe it will turn out that we were right about what was necessary for a just and lasting peace. Certainly no one would want a catastrophe for justification."

I thanked him. He was a nice guy. They all are.

Shortly after the speech I bumped into an old antiwar activist. Isn't it amazing that Dean Rusk can speak here without so much as a ripple from the students? I said.

"Who's Dean Rusk?" he said. ●

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The Ruling Class

Sleeping with Hubert/By Robert Scheer

Eugene, Oregon—"The old hound dog is just there sniffing around for those votes, smiling and doing everything else he has to do to get them. You can't pin him and no one knows who the hell he is from the neck down. That's why there's always a big potential vote against him in these primaries."

The hound dog referred to is Jimmy Carter, and the conversation took place on the chartered United flight taking him from his squeaky victory in Michigan over Mo Udall (and his big defeat by Brown in Maryland). Members of the press who are traveling with Carter generally favor Udall or Church as people who have taken clearer stands on issues and are accessible to tough questioning. There's still a suspicion that Carter is, in some sense, a monster creation of the media—the packagers' package who turns out to be too much even for them. So there is constant speculation about the prospects for stopping him.

The stop Carter movement flounders on the fact that those who vote against the Georgia governor would splinter horribly over any alternative—particularly if it were the old windbag himself, Hubert Humphrey. This is certainly the case in California, where Humphrey is well remembered for his persistent and arrogant past support of Johnson's Vietnam policies. Even if Brown wins California handily, he would have a hard time delivering many delegates to Hubert, who, in addition to other faults, is the perfect embodiment of the big bureaucratic spending that Brown has opposed.

Which all points up the fact that the liberal left of the Democratic Party is in so much disarray that it's no longer a coherent political entity. If Humphrey is to be the standard-bearer, then what have all the interparty struggles of the past ten years been about? Although Church and Udall have established a clear left alternative, they stand little chance of getting the nomination. Brown is the only alternative candidate who carries the air of a winner.

But if Jerry Brown is to be the liberal standard-bearer, then he should at least be as much in favor of cuts in the military budget, and amnesty for Vietnam draft resisters as Carter. Carter has come out for a $5 billion cut in the defense budget, which is so piddling as to be almost beside the point, except that Brown won't even do that. In Maryland, Brown said he would require compulsory but socially useful labor (which is Ford's existing program) for those who sacrificed their careers to oppose the Vietnam War while Brown pursued his. Carter is at least for a pardon without any payment of service for what should properly be viewed as an heroic act. Carter, who long supported the war, now considers it to have been racist and in all other ways wrong, but he refuses to extend his offer of a pardon to those who were in the Army and then deserted. This distinction between those who resisted the draft and those who got drafted and then resisted once again favors the children of the upper classes. Strangely, Brown is not for pardoning either group. (Both Church and Udall have positions of clear support for blanket amnesty.) No matter what the individual voter may think he's doing in going for a Brown, Udall or Church, the political reality is that (barring an unlikely Kennedy reappearance) Hubert and Hubert alone stands any chance of stopping Carter. I'd rather take my chances with Carter, and the popular response to Carter and Brown indicates clearly the public's rejection of the Johnson Great Society programs that Humphrey is associated with.

Unfortunately for Carter, much of the press and public still thinks of white Southern males as violent, disturbed characters out of Tennessee Williams' plays. A milder indictment is that he's as slippery as the mint in a julep. Although I disagree with a number of Carter's positions, I don't subscribe to the notion that he's been any more fuzzy than other mainstream politicians. It is particularly annoying to find college audiences deriding Carter's vagueness on the issues while celebrating Brown's even greater elusiveness.

The quandary of the left liberals is that they have not been able to come up with a program and a candidate that taps into the legitimate populist anti-Washington sensibility currently abounding in the land, which is the natural basis of Carter's support. The left liberals are forlornly defending the Johnson Great Society programs, while Carter, who originally supported them, has jumped ship. In fact, it is right and natural for the public to be down on the big bureaucratic programs because they have, by and large, failed. This was Johnson and Humphrey's band-aid revolution designed to undermine the serious forces for social change that emerged in the sixties. The programs were always meant as cosmetics rather than serious treatment and failed precisely because they were designed to fail. A serious program for dealing with the social problems of the society have to begin with the challenge to the real power over people's lives, work and dreams: the private corporate world that has remained sacrosanct from criticism in every presidential election since the days when that great old populist Estes Kefauver took on Big Auto, Big Drugs and big everything else.

The people I've seen in the crowds that turn out for each "new wave" politician really do want an end to government taxation that favors the rich. Carter's biggest applause comes when he says, "I've been waiting for tax reform since I was a child and it still hasn't come. The only people who pay their fair share are the people who are on a payroll."

But for tax reform to be worth anything, it's going to have to involve taking from the richer and giving to the poorer, and that's not something either Carter or Brown are about to seriously advocate or implement. To do that would mean challenging the compromise between big labor and big business that has dominated the politics of this country since the Second World War. Democratic Party candidates who don't challenge that compromise will inevitably end up being just so many hacks, regardless of the variety and excitement of their personal style. If Carter and Brown do stand for a break with the big corporations and big labor, they should quickly let the rest of us in on the secret.

Despite such shortcomings, it would be outrageous for the Democratic Party to ignore the incredible public response to Carter and Brown's anti-Washington campaign and attempt to stick us once again with Hubert Humphrey. As one veteran journalist who has covered all the candidates said, "If it's going to be Hubert and Jerry Ford . . . good luck. Wake me when it's over." ●

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Fulminations

O, pioneers!/By Larry L. King

For weeks I've wished Ronnie Reagan would hush up about the Russkies getting us, Mo Udall would quit blathering of the plight of the disadvantaged and Jimmy Carter and Jerry Ford would stop saying nothing at great length about everything. Everybody who lives in a New York high rise recognizes that the Free World has just passed through, and survived, the spookiest crisis since Cuba tried to sprout missiles.

For 17 days, the 22,000 members of Local 32B, of the Building Service Employees International Union, were out on strike. The rich hadn't had it so tough since Howard Hughes died. It is one thing to attend $100-a-head cocktail benefits for California's downtrodden lettuce pickers; it's quite another thing to carry your own garbage, open your own doors or drive your own elevators. Makes you feel no better than an affiliate of the Socialist Labor Party.

The outraged and inconvenienced residents of my East 30s high rise held an emergency meeting in the lobby. There, among silks and marble and snooty signs instructing that All Visitors Must Be Announced, they told tales of hardships that might have discouraged the early pioneers. Imagine Daniel Boone or the Donner band blazing the trail West without liveried footmen or agents to inscribe their telephone messages!

One heard horrible stories of people who'd almost perished in their taxicabs or limousines, waiting in vain for doormen to liberate them. Trembling dowagers, some of whom traced the blame back to Roosevelt, jangled their gold bracelets in indignantly reporting having to walk their own beribboned poodles. Some fussed that with in-house laundry facilities closed (for security reasons, and because of unavailable workmen to mop up the slops), their idle maids slouched around eating bonbons and learning to read. Others fretted that should Governor Carey or Andy Warhol come calling, no one would be available to announce them or light the way to elevators only the blind might miss. Panic was not entirely calmed until it was noted that the United Nations is in the neighborhood and might be appealed to for help.

Came then the appointment of emergency committees. Everybody volunteered to serve on the committee of Postal Sorting and Handling Auxiliary Workers (PSHAW!). This had less to do with the dignity of the job than with the opportunity to snoop among the neighbors' mail. Would the surly, antisocial loner in 4-F prove to be on the lam from the FBI, or from collection agencies? Would the indescribably lovely brunette in 7-A receive mail half as warm and interesting as her smile? Conversely, eyes glazed over and noses turned up when volunteers were solicited for the committee on

Garbage And Grit (GAG). One dignified tenant, after berating his neighbors for their lack of communal carings, ostentatiously volunteered to operate the service elevator. When his first shift arrived, so did his butler.

Security *did* improve. This was because the high-born are trained to be authoritarians before they leave the delivery room. It was worth one's life to attempt to reach the street, so many were the hall monitors with their killer dogs and demands for identification. Trying to get *in* the building, especially past sundown, was a job for the Marines: one temporary citizen-doorman insisted on a note from my mother. Since my heart securely belongs to one woman, and my reputation for fidelity is second to none, I must depend on hearsay evidence in reporting that some tenants were subjected to vigorous cross-examinations when they attempted to infiltrate with members of the opposite sex. This reportedly was disconcerting to certain rakes who—provided they regularly lavish Christmas bonuses—are accustomed to their casual companions being treated as tenderly as new brides by the understanding minions of Local 32B.

Tenants originally approached the strike in the spirit of adventure. Once the fun wore thin, they threatened to hold back rental fees unless full services were restored. Landlords piously proclaimed the blame to rest with labor and cried crocodile tears for their neglected tenants. This might have been more convincing were it not on record that the hearts of landlords are highly coveted for transplant purposes, it being generally conceded they have never before been used. In two years, during which I've paid my landlord $13,980 plus $1,100 as a "security deposit," he has thought to contact me thrice. Once he threatened eviction should I fail to mute my stereo sharply at 9:00 p.m. Once he denied a new paint job unless I signed up for two more years. And once he announced that due to superior management, he would be able to hold my next rent increase down to a mere 13 percent. Unless, of course, such contingencies as "labor troubles" forced reluctant decisions to be made at my expense.

Members of Local 32B, who make from $154 to $208 weekly (before taxes), were asking $50 a week in salary increases plus additional fringe benefits. Strike mediators successfully urged them to settle for a $39 package including far less fringe benefits than demanded. Landlords, saving thousands each month in salaries while pressing their paying tenants into performing emergency services, only reluctantly settled. Now they have a wonderful new excuse for boosting rents again. Even though members of 32B have returned to their posts, the rich retain large appreciations for the hardships and hazards of the early pioneers. ●

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Party Lines

Why McGovern had to dump Eagleton/By Robert Sam Anson

Washington, D.C.—George McGovern endorsed Mo Udall the other day, which is significant for two reasons. One, he waited until Udall was an all but certain loser ("I have a warm spot for lost causes," he grinned) and, two, hardly anyone, maybe not even Udall, seemed to notice.

Politically, the man who at this time four years ago was being counted as an electoral wizard, is an unperson, an embarrassment, his legacy reduced to a one-word epithet: "McGovernite." It is almost as if McGovern and all that he stood for—an end to the war, morality in government, a guaranteed income for every American—never happened, so fervid is the desire to expunge the memory of losing so big and so badly.

There is no denying it. The McGovern campaign was a disaster, total and unmitigated. Or almost unmitigated. Because there was a reason for the utterness of McGovern's defeat, for why history turned, for why today, in all the scenarios of how to stop Carter, the titular head of the Democratic Party is the one name that is never mentioned. Somehow, the reason, like McGovern, has been forgotten. Which is why it should be remembered, if only to prevent its being repeated again. The reason is Senator Thomas F. Eagleton.

You remember Tom Eagleton: the boyishly handsome figure with the wavy blond hair and the beads of nervous perspiration permanently affixed above his upper lip, the man with the mental problems who wound up, however briefly, as the Democratic nominee for vice-president, got the "1,000 percent" support of George McGovern and then stepped aside "for the good of the Democratic Party."

Tom Eagleton is still around, and, aside from those beads of perspiration, he has never looked better. He has become a good senator and, judging from the magnitude of his reelection in 1974, one who will never have serious problems with the voters back home. He is, in fact, a kind of minor saint as far as most people are concerned: the terribly put-upon young man who surmounted personal tragedy only to yield to the clumsily conniving McGovern. If he ever had any regrets, they never showed. After McGovern's trashing, Eagleton allowed that he was "only one rock in the landslide."

It was a nice turn of phrase, and the press, which traffics in nice phrases, swallowed it whole. Teddy White, the aging chronicler of president-making, completed the canonization by writing of Eagleton, "He had tucked away the memory of mental illness as completely as the memory of a broken leg. He knew he was capable of action, was healed, full of zest for life."

The Eagleton affair has always fascinated me, in part because I played a small role in it. I covered the 1972 convention, and, shortly after the announcement that Eagleton was McGovern's choice as vice-president, I picked up a report that Eagleton, as my source put it, "has some problems. He drinks a lot. And I think he's been in the loony bin." Throughout the rest of the afternoon, I picked up more stories, none of them hard but all with enough specificity to convince me that my initial source was on to something. Finally, at eight that evening, only hours before Eagleton's formal nomination, I managed to make my way to the 17th floor of the Doral Hotel, where McGovern was staying, and laid out my findings to Gordon Weil, McGovern's executive assistant and a personal friend. Weil was disbelieving: "What you've got is just some bullshit put out by the Republican National Committee." "Well," I answered, "when that bullshit hits the fan, don't say I didn't warn you." Weil shrugged. "It's too late now, anyway."

It was too late. When the Eagleton story surfaced a couple of weeks later, McGovern's rating in the polls slid to the vanishing point. According to McGovern's own pollster, the percentage of *Republican* vote that was "soft" went from 40 percent to 6 percent, virtually overnight.

The full story of what happened during those crucial weeks, especially that fateful night in a Senate anteroom when McGovern talked by phone to two of Eagleton's doctors and made up his mind to drop him from the ticket, has never been told. Much of the information was shrouded by the doctor-patient relationship. All the principals in the affair, including McGovern, swore themselves to secrecy. Even now, the complete story cannot be told. But interviews with a number of sources, including doctors familiar with Eagleton's case, disclose much more than has ever been on the record.

From the start it was clear that Eagleton was a good deal less than candid in his initial dealings with McGovern and his aides, especially in response to Frank Mankiewicz's famous questions: "Are there any skeletons in your background? Anything we should know about? Mental problems or anything like that?" Eagleton, according to Mankiewicz, replied no. According to Eagleton, Mankiewicz never asked such questions. In any case, it is inconceivable that Eagleton, however healthy he may have considered himself, didn't think that manic-depression, which required three bouts of hospitalization and electro-shock therapy, would be of no political moment. As Eagleton explained later: "I took a calculated risk that the story would not leak out, at least in the form that it ultimately did." Put more plainly, Eagleton was arranging a cover-up.

And what an elaborate cover-up it was. "There were layers of it," one key McGovern aide remembers. "When you got through the first one, you found there was a second one. And when you got through that, you found there was still a lot you didn't know." The layers had to be peeled away one by one. First, Eagleton's chief aide admitted that the senator had been hospitalized in 1960 for mental exhaustion and depression. Then Eagleton's brother, himself a doctor, insisted that Eagleton had *never* been in the hospital. And so it went. There was a half-answer—or an outright lie—for everything. The lies continued, to the public, to McGovern's aides and last but not least to McGovern himself, to whom Eagleton repeatedly promised copies of his medical records. The records were never forthcoming.

Instead of coming clean, Eagleton desperately tried to shore up his public position. He repeated McGovern's spectacularly inappropriate expression of "1,000 percent support" at every available opportunity. When McGovern or his senior aides requested him to tone down his public utterances, Eagleton defied them. On one occasion, McGovern specifically asked Eagleton not to appear on *Face the Nation*, lest the health issue be rehashed before

the voters. Eagleton flatly refused. He made it clear that he would not leave the ticket unless pushed. The trouble was, of course, that if McGovern pushed, he would seem callous and calculating, and Eagleton knew it. "He was playing us," says a McGovern aide. "There was nothing we could do. We were helpless." After a time, McGovern began worrying that Eagleton would not leave even if he were pushed. "You have to remember that it took us until two o'clock in the morning to nominate this guy," says one source involved in the negotiations. "We weren't at all sure whether we could get rid of him. It's not up to the nominee. We could ask, but it was Eagleton's decision. Christ, he could have said no. For a while, we thought he would. It could have been a bloodbath."

While Eagleton barnstormed the country proclaiming his sanity, McGovern holed up in the Black Hills, pondering what to do. Finally, on the evening of July 31, McGovern and Eagleton met in the Capitol's Marble Room for what Eagleton called "an eyeball to eyeball session." Also present was Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson, a mutual friend and, as it happened, the man who first recommended Eagleton to McGovern. It was here that McGovern talked to Eagleton's doctors, and here that he told Eagleton he wanted him off the ticket. Their meeting lasted nearly two hours. An hour after it was over, McGovern and Eagleton, the latter's eyes red-rimmed, his face perspiring heavily, appeared at a press conference to announce the end. The statement McGovern delivered indicated that politics, rather than health, was the overriding factor. As McGovern put it: "It became clear to me that Senator Eagleton's past medical history—not the state of his health today—literally dominated the news, dominated the political dialogue of this country. I didn't feel this was good, either for Senator Eagleton or the country."

And that is how it was read: a cold-blooded political decision made by a man so desperate to be president that he would sacrifice anything, even the well-being of his running-mate.

What no one knew then, and can know only now, is that the tone of McGovern's statement, and, indeed, some of the specific language, was dictated by Tom Eagleton. When McGovern told Eagleton that he simply had to leave, Eagleton threatened him. If there was any hint in McGovern's statement, any whisper in the coming days from either McGovern or his staff that his current or future health had anything to do with the decision, Eagleton warned, he would campaign against McGovern "all the way to November."

In fact, Eagleton's health had everything to do with McGovern's decision. In a recent interview, one doctor familiar with Eagleton's case put the chances of a possible relapse as "20 times greater than the average patient in a similar situation." Another doctor acquainted with Eagleton's medical history stopped short of predicting a relapse, but noted that the probability of such an occurrence increased with age. A third doctor expressed a similar conviction.

There was no way McGovern could have won in such a situation. Either way he moved, he was trapped. If he kept Eagleton on the ticket, he faced the certain loss of key supporters, who were already threatening desertion. If he pitched him over the side, as he ended up doing, millions of voters would, as the polls confirmed, view him as an untrustworthy opportunist. The only possible salvation, and a slim one at that, lay in Eagleton's making a frank disclosure of the facts and voluntarily stepping aside. And that Tom Eagleton would not do.

Instead, in the days that followed his removal from the ticket, Eagleton seemed to take perverse delight in recounting how he had been shouldered aside. He even poked fun at the selection of Sargent Shriver as his replacement. When McGovern, hoping to salvage something, asked Eagleton to cut a radio spot endorsing his candidacy, Eagleton refused, claiming that McGovern's aides were leaking stories to the press that he had been removed from the ticket for reasons of health. No matter that the stories were true, or that Eagleton had lied repeatedly, and, in effect, blackmailed McGovern into lying on his behalf, Eagleton was outraged. Matters were supposed to be smoothed over during a joint appearance by the two men—the only one of the entire campaign—at a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in St. Louis. In a private get-together before the banquet, McGovern promised Eagleton he would try to plug the leaks in his staff. Eagleton, in turn, promised McGovern that he would not tell the gathering that McGovern had forced him from the ticket. With that, Eagleton promptly went out and recounted, yet again, how McGovern, sitting there in embarrassed silence, had forced him from the ticket. "You don't know what it was like dealing with this guy," recalls a former McGovern aide. "He was a monster, an absolute bastard."

All that was lost on the voters, not to mention the press, which for the remainder of the campaign cast Eagleton as the hero and McGovern as the bumbling heavy. That, more or less, is how they are seen today, and, no doubt, even the disclosure of what really went on will do little to change things.

But changing history is not really the point; understanding it is. Two months from now, we will repeat the whole vice-presidential selection process all over again, and despite the recent past, with the office filled by a convicted felon and sought after by a man of dubious mental stability, very little seems to have been learned. The Democratic Party set up a committee, chaired by the estimable Hubert Humphrey, to study alternative ways of selecting the vice-president, but, after considering a number of proposals, the committee concluded that the party's old procedures are just fine, thank you. Yet the list of prospective vice-presidents includes one prominent public figure whom every reporter in Washington knows (but none cares to write about) has a serious drinking problem, and another whose extramarital liaisons have been lionized in a best-selling novel by one of his former lovers. Who said that history repeats itself.

It is too late for McGovern in any case. Talking to him, you can see he has not lost whatever it is that drives men to be president, only now the desire is more wistful than real. He was sitting in his office the other day, surrounded by the memorabilia of the '72 campaign, reminiscing about what it had been like to run, virtually flat-out, for three years, full of what was then heralded as the "political miracle of the century," and then have it all washed away by someone he didn't even know very well. "It could have been different," he mused. "If it hadn't been for the Eagleton thing, well, we wouldn't have won, but it would have been so much better. Maybe we could have won 17 states instead of just one. It wouldn't have been so bad. Things would be a lot different now."

There is no bitterness in his voice, only sadness. He deflects the conversation away from Eagleton and repeats the vow of confidentiality he took four years ago. He and Tom, he allows, "get on pretty well. He's really a very good senator." You can sense, though, what he is thinking. Finally, he says, "Do you think I should have run this year?"

You don't want to hurt this man who has been hurt so much, but you can't help it. And he agrees. No, it wouldn't have been a good idea. ●

drawn from 14 military police, air guard security and infantry units scattered around California. They will be equipped with M-16 rifles, 12-gauge shotguns and civilianized military uniforms. Funded by the U.S. Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, the program is expected to cost roughly $1 million—$250,000 of which has already been invested in guns and ammunition. Training of the first 1,000 LEAF troops, which should be completed by the end of the summer, will include 40 hours of classes in riot control and police tactics.

Given that description, why has there been no public outcry over LEAF? Apparently, its organizers have succeeded in emphasizing LEAF's role as a harmless emergency group in civil disaster, rather than its function as a civilian police force in riots. Ironically, the only major opposition to LEAF came from California police groups concerned that it might be used to break police strikes. "The last thing we look forward to is a situation where we may need to mobilize LEAF," says Major General Frank Schober, commander of the California National Guard, "but part of our sworn responsibility is to be ready to respond to appeals from local communities in time of major emergencies such as uncontrolled fires, earthquakes, floods or other disasters including riot situations."

Interested in a more detailed report on LEAF, one of our California correspondents recently filed a Freedom of Information request with the National Guard. The response is as revealing for what it doesn't say as for what it does. Over the signature of California National Guard Brigadier General Willard Shank, it read in part: "Operation Cable Splicer . . . was concluded in 1972. After the conclusion and as an indirect result of the operation, in order to maintain a viable force . . . the concept of LEAF emerged. . . . Due to the nature and content of the various plans, directives, etc., they have been classified for security reasons and therefore are not available for public disclosure."

Seventies

Bagging it

A correspondent of ours, with sharp eyes and a strong stomach, recently sent us the bag pictured above right. Attached was this pithy explanation:

"While I was unable to learn if TWA would provide a second bag for persons forced to use their original

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issue, the airline did include a gin rummy score sheet for persons not inclined to throw up or take pictures." Got that?

Making youth spring eternal

"TV reflects and accentuates the disdain, contempt, and lack of respect in today's youth-oriented society toward older citizens."

"Parents complain about the violence on TV influencing their children. What about the ridicule directed at older citizens? No wonder there's no respect anymore."

Those two comments were among those made in response to a poll conducted among *Retirement Living* magazine readers, on the subject of TV's portrayal of older Americans. Conducted among 107,000 subscribers, the results showed that 55.5 percent believed they were unfairly depicted. Asked to choose from among adjectives that best described the portrayal of people over 60 on television, 38 percent chose "ridiculous," 26 percent chose "decrepit" and 25 percent chose "childish." By contrast, only 9 percent chose "with it," 17 percent "dignified" and 15 percent "wise." In all, more than two-thirds of the votes went to negative attributes.

FRANK EDWARDS PICTORIAL PARADE

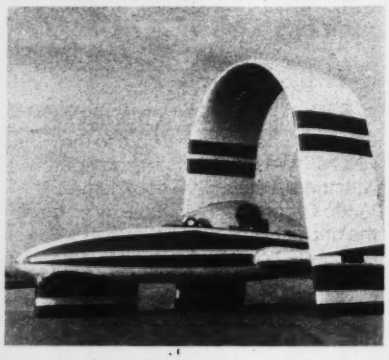
What does this woman have against old people?

As to specific programs, the one judged most unfair was *The Carol Burnett Show* (31.4 percent agreed), followed by *All in the Family* (8.4 percent), *The Tonight Show* (4.3 percent) and *Maude* (3.6 percent). The show believed to portray older people most favorably was *The Waltons*, followed by *Lawrence Welk* and *Marcus Welby*.

The poll also found that most older people watch TV at least 15 hours a week, much of it in the prime-time period that respondents criticized most heavily. "We conclude," wrote the study's originators, "that program producers should seriously reassess their attitudes and practices as far as this . . . significant audience is concerned."

A car as fast as the wind

Two years ago, in an unheralded test on the Bonneville Salt Flats, a vehicle



Goldes' transportation: a future hope

that looked like a space needle covered with McDonald's arches attained a modest speed of 60 mph. What made the experiment so unusual was that this "auto" managed to travel on power provided by the gusting and changeable winds of the flat Utah desert.

The peculiar automotive curiosity was dubbed DJ-1 and probably would have remained merely an oddity if it hadn't come to the attention of Mark Goldes, 43, president of Sunwind, Ltd., of Sebastopol, California. Goldes bought the rights to the DJ-1, made some significant changes (particularly the addition of a

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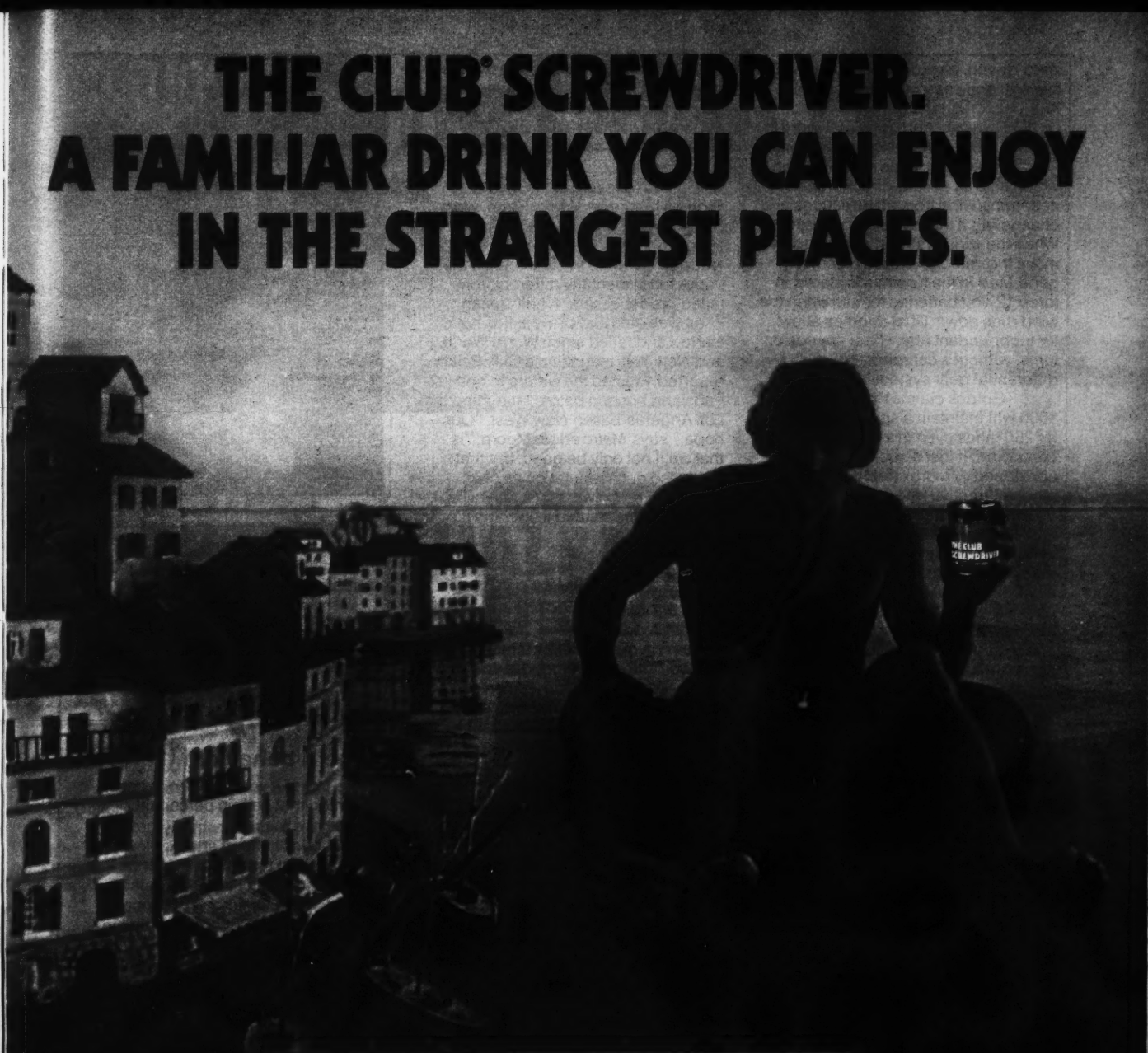

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wind-driven, electrical backup power system) and came up with a futuristic looking, scientifically and commercially sound, wind-powered vehicle. He named it the Windmobile

The secret to the car is its arch, which acts as a multi-directional sail, accepting wind from all directions and channeling it into two electric turbines. When the wind is strong enough to move the vehicle, excess electricity generated in the turbines is stored in three 12-volt batteries for use when the wind dies down. Dual engines allow for independent rear wheel speeds on turns, without a complicated differential gear system.

Goldes claims that the Delta 1000 will maintain a speed of 55 mph for 250 miles even in a mild 8 mph crosswind. If that's true, it will be considerably more effective than the other alternative-energy vehicles that do well to manage 40 miles between full recharges. Although Goldes concedes his car "looks strange by today's standards," he hopes its advantages will soon make it a common sight on roads. He calls the current Windmobile "a sports model" and expects it to retail for approximately $5,000.

Media

Exile's return

Given the boom in city magazines, and American journalists' legendary fascination with Paris, it's a wonder it

Vol.0 No.0
47
Inside French cops Interview: Jean Seberg Best IAF dinner
The last of the bargepeople And best bars, bistros, discos...

took so long. But come June, an English language tabloid will begin publishing in the French capital. By combining features with service pieces and comprehensive listings, the *Paris Metro* hopes to carve out a niche much like the one U.S. city magazines have found. The potential *Metro* audience includes an estimated quarter of a million English-speaking people who live in Paris, as well as tourists. So far, the response of advertisers has been extremely encouraging.

The founders of the *Metro,* Thomas Moore and Harry Stein, who conceived the project while serving as editors at *New Times,* contend that the focus on daily life in Paris makes their paper fundamentally different from failed predecessors. A half-dozen Paris weeklies and bi-weeklies have started and failed since World War II, and *New York* magazine's Clay Felker reportedly tested the waters in both Paris and London before launching the Los Angeles-based *New West.* "Our hope," says *Metro* editor Moore, "is that we'll not only be good, but that we'll also get a reputation as chic. Then the French will buy it too, even if they don't understand it. In Paris it's style that sells."

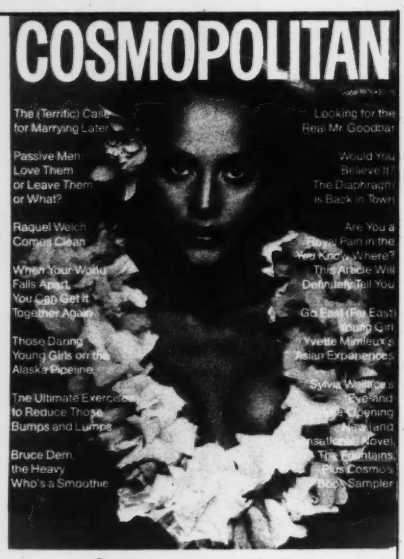
That *Cosmopolitan* girl

For those who keep track of such things (we among them), it was something of a landmark when *Playboy* followed *Penthouse* and went pubic. Well, over at the women's magazines, the sexual stakes are somewhat less explicit. That's why when we came across the June cover of *Cosmopolitan* pictured below we saw it as another sort of breakthrough. Cover cleavage in *Cosmo* is nothing new, of course, but might this hint of nipple be a first?

We called *Cosmo* editor Helen Gurley Brown to find out. The question *amused* her, and though she was *delighted* to talk about it, she seemed puzzled by our interest. "It's no big deal. You can *believe* that because I'm usually quite truthful. Francesco Scavullo [the photographer] has great leeway, as he deserves. We love and *like* what he does, and this particular photo came in with three or four others. I just thought it was *pretty* and I liked the fact that he used flowers in it. I didn't pay much attention to the fact that she had part of her nipple showing."

But was it a first? "I'm just so *used* to seeing *boo*soms on our pages. We've been showing girls' *boo*soms inside the magazine for a long time. Sometimes on the beauty pages we'll just have two or three pages on *boo*soms—how to make them stronger, firmer, more *terrific.* I like ladies *boo*soms. I think they're very beautiful."

It was great fun talking with Helen Gurley Brown, but our original question remained unanswered, so we pressed on. "I don't mean to sound


COSMOPOLITAN
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Looking for the Real Mr. Goodbar
Passive Men: Love Them or Leave Them or What?
Would You Believe It? The Diaphragm is Back in Town
Raquel Welch Comes Clean
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Are You a Pain in the You Know Where? This Article Will Definitely Tell You
Go East (Far East) Young Girl
Yvette Mimieux's Asian Experience
The Ultimate Exercise to Reduce Those Bumps and Lumps
Sylvia Wallace's Eye-and Eye-Opening Novel, Tiger Mountains. Plus Cosmo's Book Sampler

Cosmo: *new revelations*

overly casual," she said. "Perhaps it *is* the first time. It's just that I'm so *inured* to seeing beautiful *boo*soms."

Mind & Body

Type A behavior

In the last few years evidence has mounted that certain personality types have a demonstrably greater predilection to heart attack. Now two studies have turned up evidence that some personality traits may also increase the likelihood of cancer.

At Kings College Hospital in London, a study of 160 women with suspected breast cancer revealed a distinct difference between those who turned out to actually have it and those who did not. Among the 69 women who proved cancerous, 68 percent revealed abnormal suppression of emotions—particularly anger—in tests. Among those whose tumors proved benign, only 25 percent were labeled repressed. In a study of 228 females at New York's Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, cancer patients scored much higher in the area of excessive self-control than did a non-cancerous control group. Says psychiatrist Rene Mastrovito "the findings support the thesis that there is a cancer-prone personality. It appears to be the serious, sober, diligent type who suppresses affective discharge."

Contributers:
Joel Brinkley, Mike Edlehart, Larry Frederick, Kitty Kelley, Pat McGilligan, Nina Totenberg, Bill Wallace.

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William Safire in the New York Times says we're "the magazine that has an adversary relationship with the world." According to the Washington Post, we're "a new national news magazine of storytellers." To good old Time Magazine, we're "impetuous."

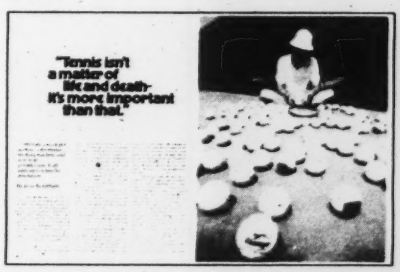
So be it. NEW TIMES makes things happen. We aren't afraid to tell all the truth we can get our hands on. We turn over rocks. We make waves. We yell bloody murder. Troublemakers? You're damn right.

Remember, folks, you saw it first...

A lot of NEW TIMES stories were firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.

We were the first national magazine to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview that protean fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)

The new wave of doubt about the JFK assassination started in NEW TIMES, with stories like the one that showed there had to be several Oswalds. We were the first national magazine to tell the world those little aerosol cans could be the death of us all. We put est (Erhard Seminars Training) in the public eye. We reported the murder trials of Peter Reilly and Joan Little long before they hit the front pages. And so it goes.



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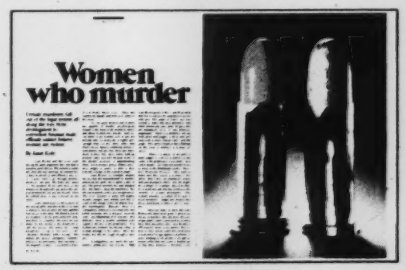
NEW TIMES, more than any other magazine, is plugged into now. It's the magazine of what's happening, and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and all manner of rare new ideas.

We investigated the medical benefits of marijuana...tried to make sense of the Psychobabble that's drowning us all...dissected the Great American Bicentennial Sale...dug into the yearly orgiastic revels of a country fair...looked into what happens when single grandparents are forced to live in sin to avoid losing their pensions...ran the first-anywhere story on doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for kickbacks... found the real Mr. Goodbar of the singles' bar murders...



And of course, in every issue we're catching rock, movies, books, fads, and fatuities with the kind of brash, fresh viewpoint you aren't going to find in the other magazines.

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NO PRIVATE SMILES

A DISQUIETING INSIDE LOOK AT THE CARTER CAMPAIGN BY ROBERT SHRUM, THE SPEECHWRITER WHO QUIT

"The first two things I would do if I were running for president," a Washington political operator once told me, "would be to get the best fund-raiser in the business, and then hire Bob Shrum."

The operator was merely stating a truism. In that curious world of speechwriting, Bob Shrum is the acknowledged class of the field, a man who not only strings words together with consummate skill but, unlike some of the people who later mouth them, knows and cares about their meaning.

Thus, when I heard that Shrum had gone to work for Jimmy Carter, I was glad—for Carter. To have Shrum on your side is, to the insiders of Democratic politics, a mark that you have arrived, that, on the important issues, you are okay. Shrum has that kind of clout.

Or rather did. Because Bob Shrum is out of politics, and, in all probability, he has written his last speech. What he did was commit that unpardonable sin: he quit a winner. And on principle.

Resignations for reasons of conscience have been few and far between in American politics, and when they occur, the smart guys are always looking for a cynical angle. That is what happened in Shrum's case. Within days of his quitting the Carter campaign, the word was out in Washington that Shrum had quit in pique—or worse. For a time, Carter himself insisted that Shrum hadn't even worked for him, that he was merely on a "tryout" and never on the payroll. Then the darker stories began to circulate. Rumors that Shrum had been a "plant" or a spy. His former employers were asked whether he had a history of mental instability. One reporter, acting on such a tip, called one of Shrum's friends to inquire whether Shrum—a teetotaler—was a drunk.

If someone was trying to undermine Shrum, they miscalculated. Because the people who know him volleyed back, people like Dick Goodwin and Sargent Shriver and George McGovern and Joe Kraft and Mary McGrory. In the end, it was Jimmy Carter, not his former speechwriter, who was tarnished.

Here then is his story, the first inside look at the Carter campaign, written by a man who came wanting to believe and finally left because he did believe—in things bigger than Jimmy Carter.

—Robert Sam Anson

Pat Caddell, Carter's pollster now and McGovern's in 1972, talked seriously with me about Carter when I returned from a January trip to South Asia. Caddell looks and acts like the genius he may be—disheveled, absentminded, always late for planes. He has one of the best intuitive minds I've ever encountered. He was still in college when he was polling for McGovern and being touted as a political seer in *Time*. We became close friends in that losing cause.

In the following weeks, I discussed Carter with his campaign manager, Hamilton Jordan, with Jody Powell, his press secretary, and with other Carter operatives. Pat asked me to read a long mimeograph of Carter's issues positions. Thin in places, ambiguous at points, but generally impressive, even a few surprises—for example, Carter favored American withdrawal from South Korea.

I argued with skeptical friends. I gradually slipped into near advocacy. I dismissed some doubters and complaints as anti-Southern or anti-fundamentalist. Literal belief in a living God is not a disqualification for high office. I began to resolve all the doubts in Carter's favor. He wasn't evasive, he just understood the complexity of issues. He didn't have a program for every problem, but who honestly did? Carter dared to be what politicians dream of becoming—a candidate with the nerve to admit: "I don't know." Often politicians don't, but nearly all pretend they always do. Instinctively, they abhor a programmatic vacuum, any limits to their three- or five-point plans.

What of the criticisms of Carter's record in Georgia, his past campaign tactics, the charges of waffling? I decided—in retrospect, a convenient decision—that no one in national Democratic politics would speak the improbabilities attributed to Carter—for example, the quote in *Harper's* that "McGovern's biggest mistake [was to] . . . make the Vietnam war an issue." Later, too late, I found out that this was the kind of improbable thought Carter blurted all the time. What was different about "ethnic purity" was that the blurting took place in public.

March 3, six days before the Florida primary, Caddell and I spent several hours rethinking Carter's television spots. I wasn't committed yet—or I wasn't acknowledging my commitment, but I was against Wallace. Primary night I suggested Carter's theme of the "New South" as the harbinger of a "New America."

March 14, two days before the Illinois primary, I met with Carter at the Madison Hotel in Washington. He walked in from the connecting room in his bare feet and sat on the edge of the bed. A warm smile; it looked real, not practiced, not professional. Easy ges-

tures. Carter volunteered his "admiration" for George McGovern. He couldn't fathom McGovern's "attitude" toward him. "We believe in essentially the same things." He asked me to join the campaign. I really understood its "meaning." I would travel with him and "handle issues and writing on the plane." I liked him. I almost said yes. I wrote him an issues memo for Wisconsin and rewrote his health care speech.

Sunday, April 11, Caddell called. So did Jody Powell. Carter wanted me; they wanted me. As soon as possible, before Pennsylvania, to "run issues and writing on the road." A salary of $23,500—a 40 percent cut from my Senate salary, but "equal" to the top pay in the campaign. I wasn't after a raise anyway.

Carter called my Senate office the next day. I was at Harvard to give a guest lecture for the Institute of Politics. He called there and left a number. I returned the call. Carter answered the phone himself. A small touch, a non-verbal promise of a non-imperial presidency. It made me feel better about my decision—which was, finally, confidently, to do it. Carter responded with warmth and reassurance. I could almost hear the smile in his voice. "It's going to come out all right, man. We're going to win." A week later, I flew to Atlanta.

I was back on the road, literally. Presidential primary campaigns work a state like the carnivals once did, only faster, on planes instead of buses. The same performance, often in three or four cities a day; each night, the sameness of different Hiltons, Sheratons, Ramada Inns: "If this is Friday, it must be Johnstown."

Figuratively, I was back on the road, too—the road to a dream. Everybody has a dream. I've been lucky enough to have a chance at mine, several chances. I was active in politics as far back as Adlai Stevenson in 1952; as a child heard but not seen, my nine-year-old voice invariably elicited a polite "Yes, miss" at the other end of the line. I handed out press releases from Pierre Salinger's cluttered office at the 1960 Democratic convention. In 1968 I campaigned for "Gene" and hoped for "Bobby"—which were the nicknames we called them in bull sessions at Harvard Law School.

In early 1970, I left teaching in Boston to become "Assistant to the Mayor of New York City"—John Lindsay's speechwriter. From April 1971 to May 1972, I was "Special Assistant" to Senator Muskie—his speechwriter. For the rest of that presidential campaign, and afterward, I worked closely with Senator McGovern; I didn't ask about my title, and no one told me, but again my major responsibility was speeches. Then I took a year off as a Kennedy Fellow of the Institute of Politics at Harvard. In the spring of 1975, I accepted McGovern's offer to be staff director of the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs. Nearly a year later, I gave up that job for the Carter campaign.

I joked with friends about my restless job mobility. One of them had 11 different entries for my home and office telephone numbers in his Rolodex. Another bantered that I'd been trying out for the role of Theodore Sorensen since I was 16.

That wasn't precisely the image of my ambition, but it was part of the substance. I wanted and worked to become whatever title it was in the White House—they keep changing it—that means advising and verbalizing for a president. The rest of my ambition is harder to put on paper. All the phrases for political good intentions now sound like a cliche that means its own opposite. A protracted Orwellian inversion of language in politics, culminating in the "perfectly clear" statement "I'm not a crook," overhangs any speechwriter's formulation of a candidate's "commitment" to "larger purposes." It's even harder for a speechwriter to make such claims for himself. Perhaps that's another reason for candidates having ghostwriters: it may be easier to be self-consciously self-righteous if someone else writes it for you.

The same dichotomy was pervasive: public compassion, private indignation over tax loopholes, private concern to mollify special interests

For occasional conversations with myself, I did keep in reserve a self-defense for being in politics the way I was. Politics was a profession where success could bring more than its own reward. There could be larger purposes and real commitments—I saw them in McGovern, Muskie and Lindsay. I saw compromises in them, too, and that was a legitimate part of the game. It was important to win; a president could stop a war, propose tax reform, enforce the anti-trust laws, budget for full employment and the cities instead of an ABM or a B-1 bomber. There were, there had to be, limits to political gamesmanship; politics was more than a game; things more precious than points or power were won or lost. There were principles worth losing for. For me, the pain of losing with McGovern in 1972 felt better than winning with Nixon, even before his early retirement to San Clemente.

This time, I wanted both purpose and power for the Democratic Party. By early April, I thought Jimmy Carter offered both. It's not in style to admit you're a liberal, but I am. I suppose I'm also a progressive, the currently acceptable synonym. At least chronologically, I fit into Jerry Brown's "new generation." But I'm not hung up on labels. I welcomed Carter's non-ideological appeal. His idioms seem to transcend old antagonisms; I don't care whether it's called "amnesty" or "a general pardon" as long as the war resisters of my generation can come home from Canada and Sweden. I don't care whether the federal government guarantees local bonds—the "liberal" position—or guarantees state bonds guaranteeing local bonds—Carter's position—as long as the cities make it through the fiscal night.

I turned out to be half-right about Carter: he was a winner. I left when he was winning big because the other half of my judgment turned out to be diametrically wrong. Jimmy Carter was the opposite of what he seemed.

"I will never tell a lie"—he did, though, and he also trafficked in technical truths. It had a familiar ring a week after I left when Carter insisted that he hadn't sought Birch Bayh's "endorsement," just his "support."

"I will never intentionally mislead you"—he did that, too, all the time. The deceptions, the calculated manipulations of people's yearnings, were routine. In private he could coldly dismiss every specific proposal to improve mine health and safety as "too radical"; only hours later he would speak fervently in public of safety in the mines, the timbre of his voice plucking chords of credibility for his words. The same dichotomy, private man and public figure, was pervasive: public compassion, private callousness; public indignation over tax loopholes, private concern to mollify special interests; public allegiance to new priorities, private sympathy for the military-industrial complex; public smiles, but no private smiles. A finely tooled warmth, a smiling to the unconverted.

"I will never avoid a controversial issue"—but if it was controversial and it

couldn't be avoided, it was double- and triple-talked away. Carter claims that in Iowa he promised to "minimize," not "restrict" abortion. "Controversial" is the most active word in his vocabulary. It is adjective as expletive: he applies it frequently, to the fundamental and the innocuous.

I stayed on Carter's staff for nine days. I signed on after weeks of reflection, discussion and an increasing degree of commitment. I resigned after days of increasing doubt, which I couldn't suppress, though I tried to. It was as though I passed through a door and once inside the campaign they showed me the trick. The assumption was that everyone wanted to play it for power. Every promise to me was kept except one—the promise of Carter's character and belief. My problem wasn't that I lacked access, but that I had it.

Monday, April 19

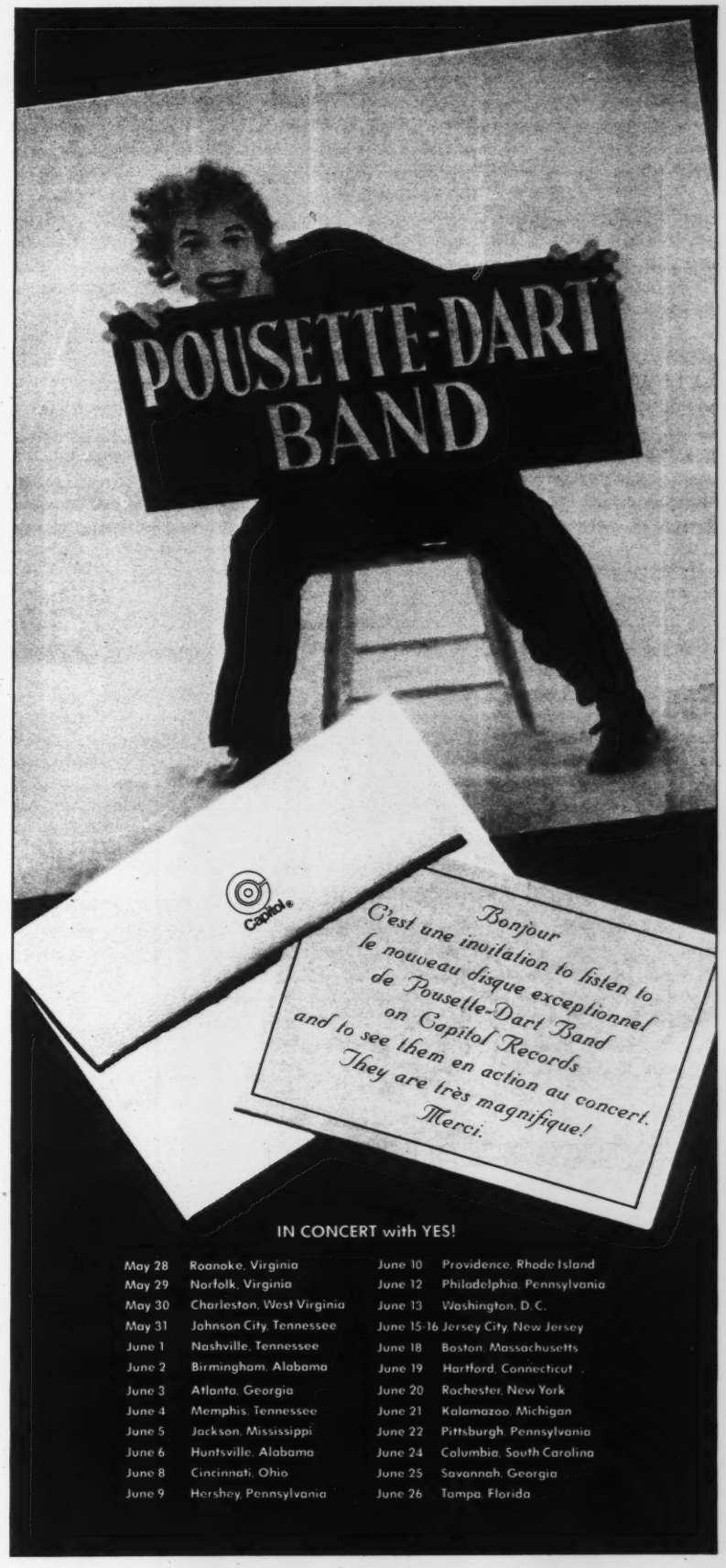
The early planes to Atlanta were booked, and I was a half hour late for the issues meeting with Carter. The Oak Room of the Airport Hilton. A motel room, no oak. Seven people were sitting on metal chairs around a green-felted table. Carter had his feet on the table, his chair tilted back. Without missing a beat, he motioned me to an empty chair next to him.

He had just turned down a speech draft from Adam Walinsky about occupational health and safety. Walinsky wrote some of Robert Kennedy's best words. For Carter, these words were "too radical." Another phrase, I was to learn, that is very much a part of his active vocabulary.

Stu Eizenstat, the issues director in the campaign office, told Carter that Maynard Jackson, the mayor of Atlanta, would endorse him in return for "one last thing"—some kind of help with a highway dispute. Carter stared hard at Eizenstat. He spoke at a measured pace; the emphasis was in the pause between each word. "Maynard Jackson can kiss my ass and you tell him that. I'm through calling him." (Jackson did endorse later that week.)

Eizenstat hesitated. He's a thin, mild-mannered Georgia lawyer in his mid-thirties—he could almost pass for Mr. Peepers. He switched the topic to the foreign policy task force, which was scheduled to be announced later that week. Carter fidgeted with his Annapolis class ring. Then he glanced over the list. "Isn't this Tony Lake one of the people mentioned in *Washington Monthly* cam-

Continued on page 39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June 3 Atlanta, Georgia
June 4 Memphis, Tennessee
June 5 Jackson, Mississippi
June 6 Huntsville, Alabama
June 8 Cincinnati, Ohio
June 9 Hershey, Pennsylvania
June 10 Providence, Rhode Island
June 12 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
June 13 Washington, D.C.
June 15-16 Jersey City, New Jersey
June 18 Boston, Massachusetts
June 19 Hartford, Connecticut
June 20 Rochester, New York
June 21 Kalamazoo, Michigan
June 22 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
June 24 Columbia, South Carolina
June 25 Savannah, Georgia
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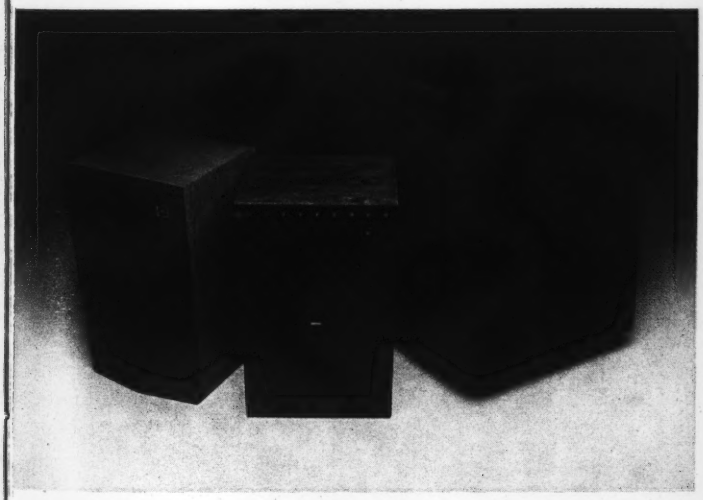
We're all in this together.



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THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

FAIR TO-NIGHT.

Local Forecast.—Fair to-night and Thursday; moderate variable winds, mostly easterly. Minimum temperature last night, 32 degrees.

NEW YORK WEATHER.

TEMPERATURE

	To-day			Yesterday		
8 A.M.	12 M.	2:30 P.M.	8 A.M.	12 M.	2 P.M.
39°	54°	61°	57°	65°	70°

HUMIDITY

A.M.	73	12 M.	80	2:30 P.M.	77

BAROMETER

A.M.	30.15	12 M.	30.15	2:30 P.M.	30.11

WIND

A.M.	s1m	12 M.	s3m	2:30 P.M.	s10m

(Government weather report and minimum temperature will be found on page thirteen.)

NATION-WIDE DRIVE AGAINST INFLUENZA

Federal Government and States Join Hands

Spread of Disease in East, Particularly Massachusetts, Stirs Health Authorities.

WASHINGTON, September 25 (by A. P.).—Rapid spread of Spanish influenza, especially in the East, is resulting in the joining of Federal and State forces for more effective measures to check the malady.

The serious situation in New England, and more especially in Massachusetts, which has called forth a proclamation from the Governor, suggesting the closing of schools, churches, and places of amusement, was discussed to-day by the Public Health Service authorities. Surgeon-General Rupert Blue already has called attention to the danger of contracting influenza at large gatherings, the same doctrine is being preached by health authorities in the affected.

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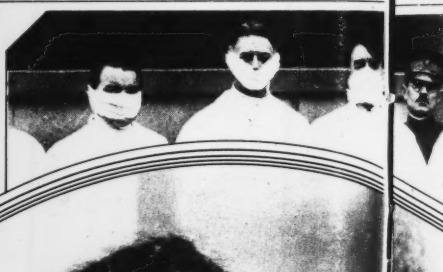


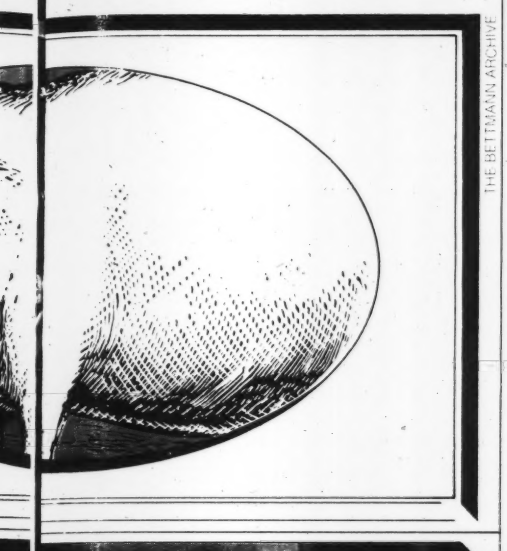
THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

The story behind the death of Pvt. David Lewis at Fort Dix, and the decision to vaccinate an entire country against a recurrence of the 1918 nightmare—the pandemic that killed 500,000 Americans and 20 million worldwide

Sweating out the swine flu scare

By Lawrence Wright



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

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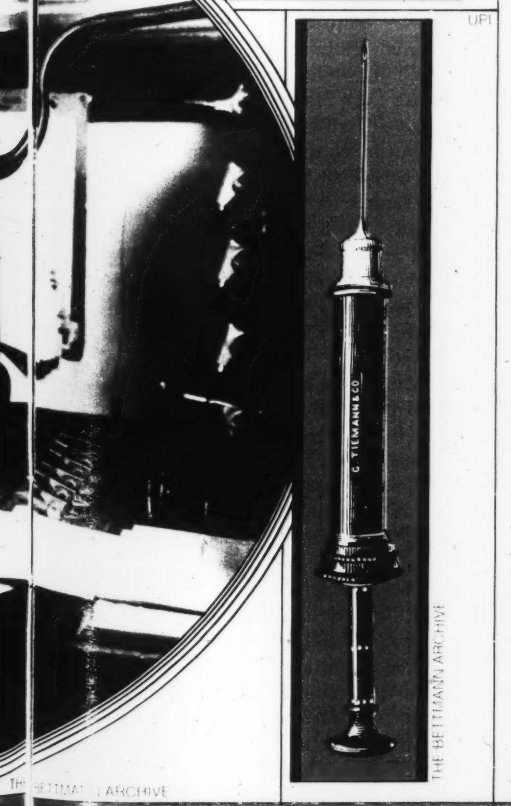

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

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Private David Lewis had a cold for more than a week before it turned into something else. On Sunday, February 1, he wrote his fiancée, "I felt a lot worse last night, like I had been hit by a truck," yet he didn't appear at the dispensary at Fort Dix, N.J., until Tuesday. He was given cold medicine and ordered to bed for 48 hours, but on Wednesday morning, as Lewis watched his fellow recruits forming up in the snow for the 5-mile march to the rifle range, he decided to join them.

He dressed in heavy clothing and rubber boots (it was cold and damp that morning) and cadged a ride on the chow truck from his platoon leader. All day Private Lewis trained on the 25-meter range and never complained of his condition. At noon his squad leader noticed that Lewis was coughing heavily, but when he asked the recruit if he wanted to return to billets, Lewis refused. No one thought any more about it, because the entire camp was involved in an epidemic of some sort and half the men in Lewis' company were coughing and wheezing and running low-grade fevers. "For the weather conditions it was nothing unusual," the drill instructor, Sgt. Steven Good, remembers. "I was also feeling under the weather, but that's no more than anybody else."

Training ended at four o'clock that afternoon; the men ate and an hour later began the march back to camp. "It was cold when we started out that morning, so we were dressed quite warmly," says Sgt. Good, "but coming back the weather had changed. It was warm and the ground had thawed. There was a great deal of water and there were puddles in the road." Lewis never indicated to anyone that he might not feel well enough to make the march, although the footing was slippery and many men became overheated. Some dropped out of formation and fell back to the end of the column, where Sgt. Good, who was walking drag, would "inspire the man to get back into ranks," although by this point Good was coughing and spitting up as well. Still Lewis did not complain.

When the men reached the blinking light that marked the halfway point of the march, the company rested. It was almost dark when they moved out. The men were refreshed, and from there on it was all downhill. A few hundred yards farther they came upon an unconscious body, a recruit from another company.

Sgt. Good "dusted him off," which in current military vernacular means that he radioed for an ambulance to transport the recruit to the hospital. Then the company moved on.

Colonel Joe Bartley, the health and environment officer on the base, already knew that there was something special about the flu at Fort Dix. The day before Pvt. Lewis appeared at the clinic, Col. Bartley received a telephone call from Dr. Martin Goldfield of the New Jersey Health Department asking for a second set of throat washings from the influenza victims. In the first set, Goldfield found, as he expected, the predominant A/Victoria strain of influenza that was then epidemic all along the East Coast. But there were two isolates in the batch that didn't match current strains.

It might be, Goldfield conjectured, that a new pandemic strain was taking root at Fort Dix, and in case there were any fatalities he left instructions with Col. Bartley about how to isolate the influenza virus from a cadaver. Goldfield kept further speculation to himself, but the next day when he spoke to Dr. Gary Noble, a virologist at the Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, he said he was sending down a couple of unidentified influenza isolates and jokingly prophesied that the strain might be swine.

Swine flu, as the hog producers' and meat packers' associations anxiously point out, is one of the great misnomers of medicine. Pigs were innocent of influenza, as far as we know, until September 30, 1918. On opening day of the Iowa State Fair in Cedar Rapids, hundreds of prize hogs suddenly became prostrate with symptoms resembling the particularly virulent influenza already epidemic in the human community. In that year the disease was blamed on Spain, and in September 1918 the Spanish flu was begining the second of three assaults that would kill more than half a million people in this country and at least 20 million worldwide—although some demographers believe there were that many fatalities in India alone, where the population failed to increase for a decade. H.L. Mencken called it "the worst epidemic since the Middle Ages," but measured by the volume of deaths in less than a year's time, it was the worst plague in the history of man.

Ordinarily, when a new flu strain appears and becomes pandemic, as did the Asian flu in 1957-58, which killed 69,800 in this country, or the Hong Kong flu in 1968-69, which killed 33,800, it will generate 50 to 100 deaths per 100,000 cases —and most of those cases will be among the very young and the very old. By contrast, during the 1918-19 pandemic the death rate ranged from 1,000 to 5,000 fatalities per 100,000 cases, and like the war in Europe with which it coincided (and the outcome of which it managed in subtle ways to alter), the Spanish flu fed on healthy young adults in their twenties and thirties.

After 1920 the flu subsided into a less virulent form, and finally disappeared altogether around 1930. For the pigs it was a different story. When the prize hogs in Cedar Rapids recuperated, their owners transported them and their new disease back to the farms of the Midwest, and since that day influenza has flourished in an apparently unmutated form in the hog population, a vast reservoir of potential reinfection for people.

Private Lewis marched to within a quarter-mile of the barracks before he began coughing and acting peculiar. Two other trainees came to his assistance. Sgt. Good noticed that Lewis' breathing was labored. "Sit him down." Good ordered, and the two trainees sat Lewis on the ground, where he spread out his arms and made a noise like a kid imitating an airplane.

"I felt for his pulse; his pulse was fast," says Good. "I checked his breathing; it was rapid. I took his weapon and loosened his clothing. I said, 'We don't have very far to go,' and his breathing returned to normal and he said he felt all right." The trainees lifted Lewis and then let go of his arms to see if he could stand by himself; he swayed and took a swing at Sgt. Good. "Straighten up, soldier!" Good shouted, astonished. The other men grabbed him and they walked only a few steps when Lewis slumped. Good dispatched one of the trainees to get the senior drill instructor, and in the meantime he and the other trainee tried to carry Lewis to the road, only 100 meters away. "At this point something went wrong," Good remembers. "I've seen enough men die to know when something is really wrong."

Private Lewis suddenly stopped breathing. Sgt. Good administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and within a few minutes the senior drill instructor arrived with a car and they drove Lewis to the hospital. On the way he partially regained consciousness. His breathing was irregular and gasping; he was mumbling and moving his arms in a regular motion as if he were still marching. But by the time Lewis was admitted into the emergency room, his pupils were fixed and dilated and he was apparently dead.

It was a matter of strange coincidence that the week before Goldfield called with his joke about swine flu, Gary Noble at CDC had in fact confirmed a case of swine-like flu in man, the second to come into his lab in a year and a half. The first case was a 16-year-old boy with Hodgkin's disease who died in the Mayo Clinic in September 1974. A postmortem study of his tissue at Mayo uncovered an unidentified influenza virus. The virus samples were sent for further tests to CDC, where a library of thousands of virus strains, going all the way back to the original virus isolate in 1931 (which, ironically, was from a pig), are freeze-dried and stored. The virus from the Mayo Clinic turned out to be swine-like, and it is not known what influence it had on the boy's death. He had worked on a hog farm, where antibodies in the blood of two breeder sows showed previous infections of swine flu. No other members of the boy's family had been infected. Oddly enough, the sows' blood also recorded prior infections of Hong Kong flu, which they probably got from the boy.

The second case was an 8-year-old boy from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, who developed a severe and puzzling illness in October 1975. Although the virus was not isolated, blood samples were taken from the child while he was ill and sent to the state lab in Madison, where virologists identified the disease as influenza but failed to match it against any of the current strains. Eventually, they sent the sample to Noble, who tested the antibodies against historical strains. He received no reaction until he thought to run the sample against a typical swine flu and the swine-like flu from the boy who died in the Mayo Clinic; he got a positive reaction to both.

Noble, who is a slim, fit man of 40, with the pallor of the laboratory upon him, was excited. He ran the tests again to make sure, then carried the news to the office of his co-worker and friendly competitor, Alan Kendal, a virologist from London. "What do you think the boy in Wisconsin showed an antibody to? Swine!" said Noble triumphantly. Kendal moaned. "All the interesting things happen to you," he said.

The morning after David Lewis died, the pathologist isolated the virus from the trachea for Dr. Goldfield and then opened the body cavity to determine the cause of death. There he witnessed the same sight an Army surgeon un-

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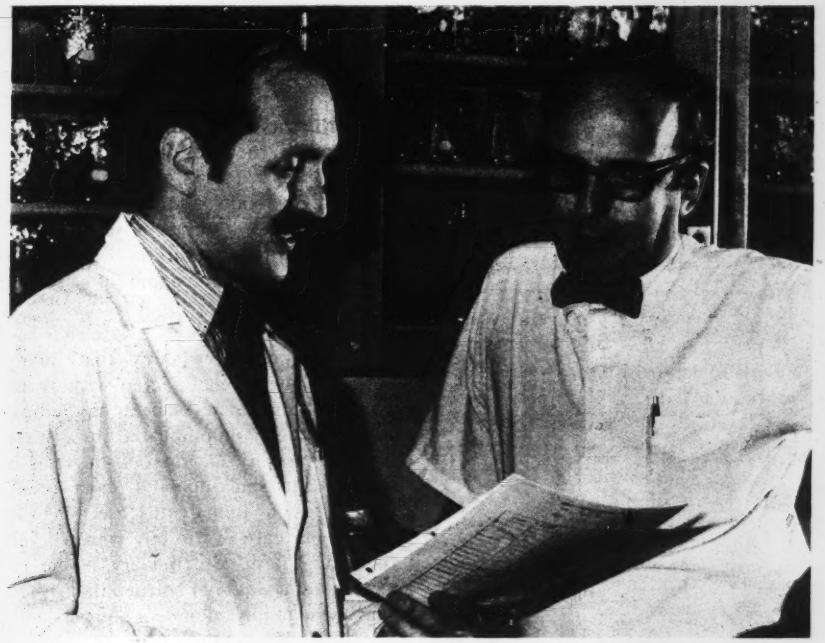
Lawrence Wright last reported for NEW TIMES *on the trial of three black radicals in North Carolina.*



Dr. Gary Noble (left), chief of the Respiratory Virology Branch at Atlanta's Center for Disease Control, confirmed the swine flu diagnosis at Fort Dix. Dr. David Sencer (right), director of the CDC, decided to recommend the national vaccination program.

covered 58 years before at Camp Devens, Massachusetts (described in *Epidemic and Peace, 1918*, by Alfred W. Crosby Jr.):

> The lungs of those who had died quickly, sometimes only 48 hours after the first ache and cough, were such as he had never seen before. There was little or no consolidation of the lung tissue, yet the lungs were so abnormal that pieces of them, which should have been as buoyant as a child's balloon, sank when placed in water. Their most conspicuous feature was the enormous quantity of thin, bloody fluid. It oozed out of the lungs sectioned for examination, and in the large air passages leading to the throat it mixed with air in a bloody froth. As rigor mortis set in, the fluid often poured from the nose and stained the body wrappings.

The same riddle that confounded doctors half a century earlier had returned: the perverse correlation of mortality to robust good health. The autopsy report describes the victim as a "well developed, well nourished Caucasian male," 6 feet tall, who weighed 175 pounds. As a civilian in Ashley Falls, Massachusetts, David Lewis had been a swimming instructor. He had no history of serious illness. His body might have tolerated the flu almost as easily as a bad cold. Instead, David Lewis drowned in the bloody exudate of viral pneumonia.

In the early spring of 1918, a mild epidemic of influenza arose in the recruit camps of the United States. First it was Camp Funston, Kansas, in March; then Camps Gordon, Grant, Sherman, Hancock, McClellan—and on and on through March and April. Camp Dix was touched by the spring epidemic. There was some mortality but nothing that could alert doctors to the two succeeding waves that would kill more than twice as many people as the war to end all wars.

When the Spanish flu returned for its grim fall harvest (the death rate at Camp Dix reached 80 soldiers a day in October), it was regarded as an alien invader, more probably an agent of the Kaiser than of neutral Spain. Some people saw the flu as a consequence of the pollution of the war in Europe, perhaps a by-product of mustard gas, which tends to accelerate the mutation of some organisms. Others suspected biological warfare and pinpointed the source of the infection in Bayer aspirin, which was produced at the time under a German patent. There was a rumor of a secret German lab in Chevy Chase, Maryland. One Army health officer suggested that diseased Huns were being unloaded onto American soil from U-boats. "It would be quite easy for one of these German agents to turn loose Spanish influenza germs in a theatre or some other place where large numbers of persons are assembled," the officer told the gentlemen of the press. But despite the un-American behavior of the virus, it seems certain that it originated in the U.S. and propagated in the recruit camps, just as it has again at Fort Dix in 1976.

Boot camps are renowned virus hatcheries. Ostensibly, they don't differ much from other compressed population centers, such as college dorms or nursing homes, and yet diseases that pass only at the lowest levels elsewhere thrive in the intimacy of barracks living, passing readily from one recruit to another and becoming refined and fortified in the process. Other factors of a recruit's life—homesickness, dislocation, loss of identity, extreme physical exertion—combine to create another factor that may strengthen the fertility of viruses among trainees. That factor is stress.

During the Vietnam War, the Army undertook to study stress in three different groups. One group was the Special Forces A-Team, a band of 12 Green Berets encamped in the jungle of Vietnam away from regular units. During the three months of the study, the A-Team was constantly told it was going to be attacked, and consequently stress in these men, as measured by hormone levels in their urine, was very high. A second group was helicopter ambulance medics, who were at one moment reading magazines or playing cards in comfortable quarters and at the next were dropped into the pitch of battle to rescue injured men. These medics had abnormally high mortality rates, and their measure of stress was also very high. The third group, as it happens, was the basic trainees at Fort Dix, whose levels of stress surpassed both of the combat groups and approached the stress of acute schizophrenics at the point of total psychic disorientation.

Whether or not Private Lewis or the other men in his company were in this condition when the swine flu was trying to reshape itself into a human virus, it is certain that many men who should have been in bed reported for training instead, possibly because of their fear of being recycled through the entire training process if they missed three days of duty.

Ever since the Spanish flu waned and disappeared from the human population, scientists have expected that it might recur, perhaps through the natural revolution of the influenza cycle, which produces major shifts in the genetic structure of the virus about every decade and

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seems to return the same strain every 50 to 70 years. Anyone born before the 1892 epidemic, for instance, had antibody to Hong Kong flu when it appeared in 1968, just as the survivors of the Spanish flu, the next strain in the cycle, show antibody to swine. Other scientists expected that the virus might make the leap from the animal reservoir. Cases of spontaneous transmission from nature do occur. The Mayo Clinic case is an apparent example. And recent studies of the blood of slaughterhouse workers, veterinarians and hog producers show that many of them have been infected with swine flu, but there has never been any indication that they communicated the disease to other people. As long as the virus is confined to individuals it can't really qualify as a human disease. In the Sheboygan case of the boy who worked on a hog farm, which Gary Noble investigated, it was later learned that five of the seven family members showed antibody to swine flu. Perhaps the family passed the virus from one to another during the prolonged intimacy of a Sunday dinner, but it is just as likely that each caught the flu from their pigs, with whom they all had contact.

But is swine flu the same strain that caused the 1918-19 pandemic? Since influenza viruses eluded isolation until after the Spanish flu disappeared, no one can say that they are exactly the same. There have been some rather exotic attempts to recover the Spanish flu in order to learn more about it, including two attempts, one by the Army and the other by Iowa State University, to revive the virus from the still-frozen bodies of Eskimos who died from the disease. Alas, both efforts failed. The only evidence identifying swine flu with the 1918 strain comes from antibodies in the blood that act like a template in recording infection. The antibodies produced by the two strains are almost indistinguishable.

From the beginning it was clear that the virus at Fort Dix was passing from person to person, and in the past whenever a new strain with different genetic characteristics has appeared, it has been followed by a worldwide epidemic among the almost totally susceptible population. As a rule, the greater the difference between the new strain and the old, the less immunity there is in the population. The flu at Fort Dix, Goldfield had already discovered, was radically different.

When the isolates from Goldfield arrived at CDC on February 4th, Alan Kendal supervised the testing—a process that was speeded up considerably after the death of David Lewis. "The first tests

on the 5th confirmed the isolates didn't match current sera," says Kendal, "but it was a preliminary test and we didn't get that excited. Then we didn't have enough to do more testing, so we had to grow more cultures." The virus was placed in the amniotic fluid of fertilized eggs and allowed to grow for three days. After the first passage through eggs the virus was still too weak to test, and it had to be passed through eggs again. On Wednesday, February 11, the eggs were harvested for the second time and the virus was ready to test.

That same day Kendal received a second batch of isolates from Goldfield. "One of the isolates was from the fatal case," recounts Kendal, "so we were a great deal more careful because of the urgency of the situation. . . . At four o'clock on Wednesday we did electron microscopy on the new specimens and determined that they were an influenza virus. Using materials grown from the original isolates, we did a double-immunodiffusion test overnight." That test determines whether the influenza is type A or B, the two major branches of the family tree. (There is a type C, but it is the weak sister in the influenza family and seldom causes serious illness.)

On Thursday morning Kendal confirmed that the virus was influenza A, the most active and characteristically the most virulent branch of influenza. Then he went to the freezer and pulled out reference isolates for every known human influenza A strain and some animal viruses. He got a positive reaction only from the swine strain. "We reset the test with a range of antisera for all four specimens and confirmed that all reacted with swine; then we tried it again using six different swine antisera. About six o'clock that evening we were absolutely convinced it was swine."

When Kendal concluded the tests, he immediately recalled the small, isolated outbreaks of influenza in the spring of 1918 that preceded the great pandemic. He stepped into Gary Noble's office with the lab report. "It's swine," he said.

"All the interesting things happen to you," Noble said.

The following day, Friday the 13th, representatives of the Bureau of Biologics in the Food and Drug Administration (which sets standards for vaccine production), the U.S. Army and the National Institutes of Health were told that a new influenza A strain had been discovered at Fort Dix, designated A/New Jersey, and that the implications of that discovery would be discussed the next day at CDC in Atlanta. The New Jersey health official, Dr. Martin Goldfield, was also called and asked to bring the original throat washes; these would be analyzed in a special lab using entirely new equipment that was set up in another part of the CDC complex. Here the virus would be retested under conditions that would eliminate any possibility of contamination, in order to make certain that the original materials corresponded to the results Kendal obtained.

None of the guests at the Saturday meeting was told in advance what to expect. Colonel Phil Russell from the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research guessed that the Fort Dix flu would turn out to be one of the known animal viruses, but he figured it would be equine or avian. The clairvoyant Dr. Goldfield stopped Gary Noble in the foyer and again joked about "swine flu." Noble looked at him with amazement. "Maybe you're closer than you think," he said.

Three days before dying from swine flu, Pvt. David Lewis wrote to his fiancée: "I felt a lot worse last night, like I had been hit by a truck."

Dr. Walter Dowdle, the head of influenza research at CDC, began the meeting by reviewing the circumstances of the discovery and isolation of the virus. He then ran through the scrupulous procedures CDC used to type the strain. Col. Russell was dutifully taking notes when Dowdle divulged that the virus was determined to be swine-like. Russell's head jerked up and his jaw popped open—"the picture of astonishment," one participant recalls. There was a moment of bewildered silence. Dr. Goldfield was the first to recover. "I told you so," he observed.

Out of the Saturday meeting a broad field investigation was inaugurated to determine the extent of the outbreak at Fort Dix and whether the virus had bled into the surrounding community. But when the small team the Army sent from Walter Reed arrived at Fort Dix, the virus was apparently finished.

Altogether, 12 cases had been confirmed, but later blood tests of over 1,200 men on the base showed that 273 had the swine flu, a reaction rate that ranged from 27 percent to 65 percent in the affected companies. Extrapolating from these figures, the Army estimated that more than 500 men had contracted the swine flu before it disappeared—far fewer than the number who contracted the A/Victoria influenza that had raged through the post at the same time, and was still epidemic after the newcomer had petered out.

Simultaneous epidemics of two flu strains have never been observed, but experiments with birds have demonstrated that if two distinct influenza strains are introduced into the same animal, a hybrid may result that displays properties of both parents. Is that what created A/New Jersey? Did a young recruit, fresh from Christmas holidays on the farm, appear at Fort Dix carrying a subclinical case of swine flu, which in the fecund environment of boot camp was pollinated by the epidemic Victoria strain? Or perhaps a pig was infected with swine flu and a Hong Kong variant, which bred a new strain that was transmitted to humans. In either case, why didn't the hybrid become dominant at Fort Dix? In the past, new variants have always taken command and have also been more virulent; yet when the Army compared the symptoms of the two strains, it found no difference. If anything, Victoria seemed the more potent, although it produced no fatalities.

The New Jersey Health Department sought throat washings from influenza patients all over the state and virus isolates from every suspected influenza death. Schools with greater than 15 percent absenteeism were investigated. In every instance, the flu isolates proved to be Victoria. No swine flu was found anywhere else in New Jersey.

To find the "index case," the original carrier of swine flu, the Army compiled a list of 22 infected Fort Dix recruits who had a history of contact with swine. Most of them came from small rural areas in Iowa, Ohio, Washington and a dozen other states. State health departments sent investigators to these places to try to locate other outbreaks among the friends or families of these men. Those persons tested had to be under 50 in order to be statistically significant, for persons over 50 who have antibody to swine—and nearly everyone in the world that age does—are presumed to have been infected with Spanish flu

before 1930. The 18-year-old girlfriend of a recruit from Hemingway, South Carolina, showed antibody, but since she had no contact with swine it seems likely that she caught the disease from her boyfriend. Investigators checking the household of a recruit from Fayetteville, Pennsylvania, found three siblings of the recruit and a boarder in his home who all showed antibody; the recruit lived on a farm where pigs were raised, and he may be the index case.

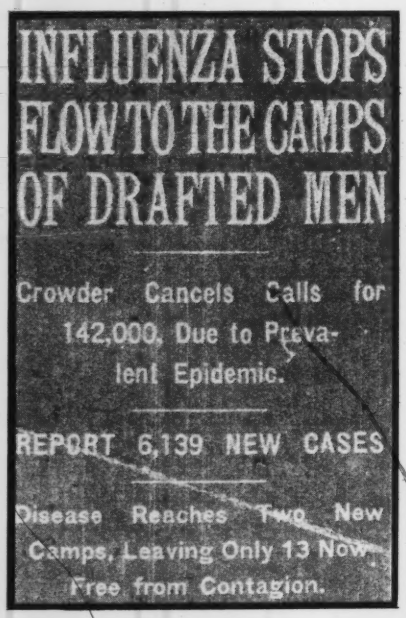
In New York, Dr. Edwin Kilbourne of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine was experimenting with recombinants of the Fort Dix virus, trying to develop a hybrid that would grow quickly in eggs—an essential step in the production of enormous quantities of vaccine. At the same time, other scientists were exploring the properties of the new strain. At the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Bernard Easterday exposed five pigs to A/New Jersey to see if it would behave like a swine virus in pigs. All five fell ill and were able to transmit it to other pigs. In England, six human volunteers were exposed to the strain; three fell ill but the virus was recovered from all six. Clearly, the disease is highly infectious and has the ability to float in and out of the animal reservoir—a disturbing quality.

Before influenza epidemics burst out in their characteristic wildfire fashion, the disease is passed in a subdued state from one community to another to await the onset of the cold and humid weather of the typical flu season. This process is called seeding. The troubling prospect of swine flu is that seeding may be going on either through the human population or the pig population or both.

A meeting of the Advisory Council on Immunization Practices was set for March 10 in Atlanta. The question to be put before the ACIP was whether the vaccine should be administered or stockpiled until further evidence of a swine influenza pandemic appears. According to Walt Dowdle, no one ever considered an alternative to the production of vaccine, for in practical terms medicine has no other resources to combat influenza. Since something definitive would have to come out of the ACIP meeting, CDC scientists gathered privately the day before—in the typically Roman manner of the scientific community—to decide what should be decided.

The majority of the scientists were in favor of an all-out effort—producing the vaccine and quickly getting it into the arms of as many people as possible. They pointed out that an influenza epidemic can move so furiously once it has begun to surge in a population that it is impossible to contain by vaccination, which requires a week to ten days to produce immunity. Also, the characteristic of a new pandemic strain is to appear early and out of season; the 1957 Asian flu, for instance, struck the U.S. two weeks after schools opened in September and peaked by October. Vaccine production for Asian flu had begun in July of that year but didn't become available in quantity until shortly after the epidemic began to ebb. If the swine flu should follow a similar pattern, it might already be too late to avert an epidemic.

On the other hand, vaccination is not entirely effective and certainly not without hazards. Although immunity from influenza vaccine usually approaches 70 percent, it is often much lower. During the field trials for the Hong


INFLUENZA STOPS FLOW TO THE CAMPS OF DRAFTED MEN

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REPORT 6,139 NEW CASES

Disease Reaches Two New Camps, Leaving Only 13 Now Free from Contagion.

Kong vaccine, efficacy ranged from zero to 55 percent, meaning that at best only half the people inoculated received any protection. And there is always the chance that the flu may mutate, making the vaccine completely useless. The recruits at Fort Dix were vaccinated against three different flu strains, and yet they were overwhelmed by both A/Victoria, which appeared too late for vaccine production this year, and of course by A/New Jersey, the development of which actually may have been aided by the general immunity to other strains.

Then there is the considerable problem of side effects. Admits Gary Noble: "Vaccine historically is a little like any therapeutic measure; there is virtually nothing you can do for or to man that doesn't have some attendant risk. . . . But in fact I think everyone is well agreed that the risk of modern vaccine is quite minimal." Only two people in the history of influenza vaccines in this country have died of flu shots. Both were in the 1940s, when the vaccines were comparatively unrefined. However, a mass vaccination program would generate thousands, perhaps millions of reactions ranging from sore arms to disabling headaches, fevers, convulsions, malaise or nausea, not to mention accidental lacerations from the jet guns that would be needed for rapid inoculations and the inevitable deluge of malpractice suits bound to ensue whether or not the strain becomes pandemic.

Is it worthwhile, argued the dissenters, to risk all that for a disease that appeared briefly under unusual circumstances and may, for all anyone knows, pass as drolly into oblivion as Kohoutek's comet?

At the head of the table was the man they had to persuade, Dr. David Sencer, the director of CDC, whose slim bow ties, balding pate and wry abstraction recall Adlai Stevenson. As Sencer listened to the arguments, the consequences became clear to him. He was facing the most far-reaching public health decision since the polio vaccinations of the 1960s. Yet the factors that made the polio campaign a great success—the profound dread of the disease, the emotional memory of a stricken president, the unanimity of medical opinion and, most important, time—were absent in the proposed influenza campaign.

For the great majority of people, flu is nothing more than the common cold raised one power. An outbreak of plague—now that would have them banging on the gates—or smallpox, or meningitis. But flu? And suppose millions of Americans get inoculated and the damn thing disappears? The real choice was never (as it was later represented) between gambling with money and gambling with lives. It was between the humiliation of being safe and the humiliation of being sorry. In the reluctant mind of the bureaucrat there is no more hateful dilemma than that.

When the conclave ended, Dr. Sencer left the CDC scientists hanging. "I really didn't know which way Sencer was leaning," Walt Dowdle recalls. But the next day at the ACIP meeting, after listening to the same arguments for and against stockpiling the vaccine, Sencer announced in a burst of artlessness that he was ready to go "whole hog."

Sencer realized that the proposal would be greeted with discord in the medical establishment, and that any pro-

longed discussion of the complexities and liabilities would stymie the project. Consequently, he had to get the program approved quickly, before his adversaries got a chance to get wound up. In this pursuit he was aided immeasurably by a weak President in the White House facing reelection this fall.

Over the weekend of March 13, Sencer outlined the options for his superiors at HEW. In case the political significance of a swine flu epidemic prior to the presidential election should elude Ford's aides, Sencer reminded them that "the Administration can tolerate unnecessary health expenditures better than unnecessary death and illness."

For the President the vaccination program was a cheap opportunity to seize health care, a square on the board of popular issues occupied solely by Democrats. Ford received the proposal from HEW Secretary David Mathews on Monday, March 22, but before he could adopt it as policy he required the appearance of a consensus from the medical community. The White House asked HEW and CDC officials to prepare a list of 30 people (corresponding to the number of chairs in the Cabinet room) to advise the President in this matter.

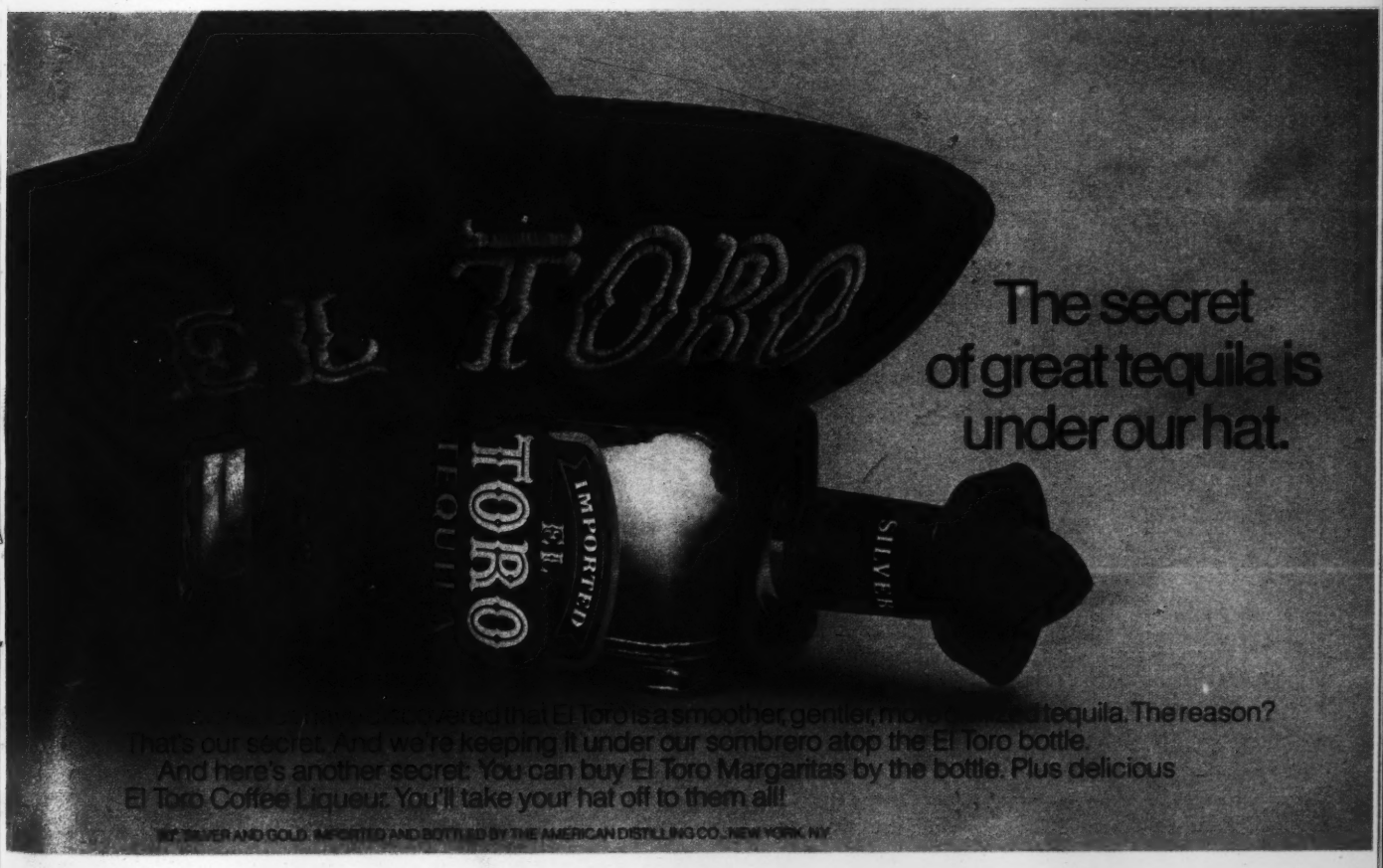
On Wednesday, 30 scientists, drug manufacturers, American Medical Association officials and HEW personnel gathered to await the President. Dr. Edwin Kilbourne, who had bred the high-growth recombinant to be used in the vaccine, was there. So were Doctors Jonas Salk and Albert Sabin, the developers of the polio vaccines. It was a carefully chosen group.

While they waited, rehearsing their speeches, President Ford left the Oval Office and passed the open door of the Cabinet room. He was wearing a white shirt. When he reappeared minutes later, his shirt was TV-blue. Although it was apparent that the decision had already been made, Ford listened politely for an hour and 15 minutes, then marched the group down to the press room. There, flanked by Salk and Sabin, the grey eminences of American medicine, Ford announced that he had been won over by his advisers. Now he was submitting a bill to Congress authorizing $135 million for the purchase of influenza vaccine for every American. "We cannot afford to take a chance with the health of our nation," the President said.

"The President's medical advisors seem to have panicked," the *New York Times* editorialized, and urged the Congress not to rubber-stamp the proposal without independent inquiry into "a decision based on the worst assumptions about the still poorly known virus and the best assumptions about the vaccine, its timetable for manufacture, its potential for harm and its efficacy." Nonetheless, the bill whizzed through Congress, slowed only by Democrats asking if anybody needed more money or, as long as people were lined up, more shots.

On April 2, the CDC invited state and local health officers to Atlanta to discuss the vaccination proposal, which by then was virtually a law. The health officials, many of them, were feeling neglected, apprehensive and generally sour. They knew the dangers of pandemic influenza and realized that vaccination might be the first and last opportunity to oppose it. They also knew that they were getting stiffed by HEW for most of the cost of administration; Ford's bill allowed 12¢ per shot for distributing the vaccine, a process that usually costs between 50¢ and 70¢. Their many reservations were given voice, ironically enough, by the man most responsible for the discovery of A/New Jersey in the first place: Dr. Martin Goldfield.

After CDC officials had made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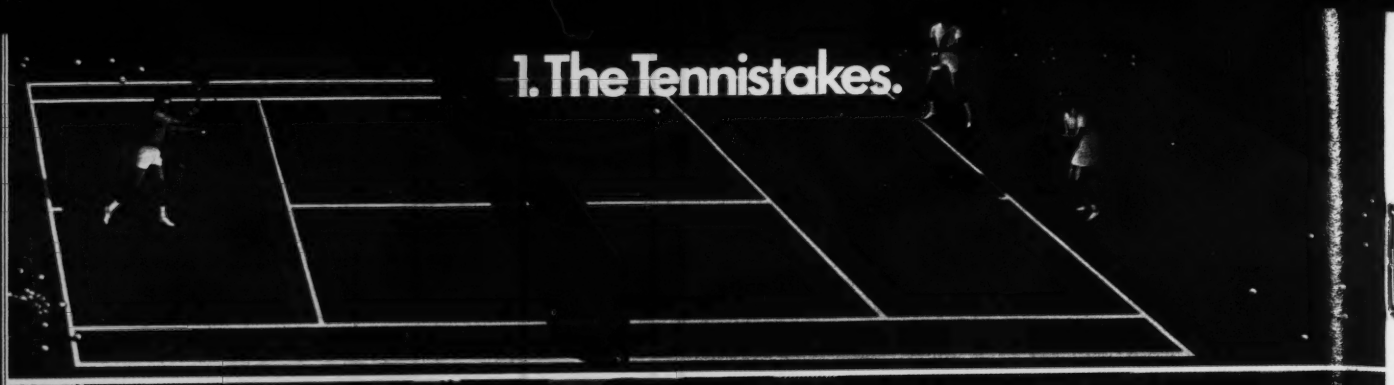
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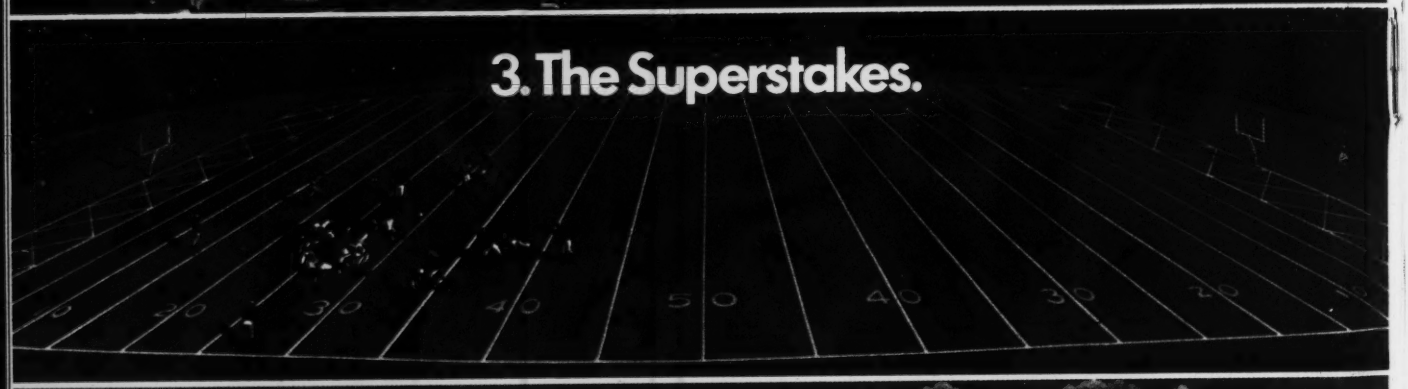
2. The Racingstakes.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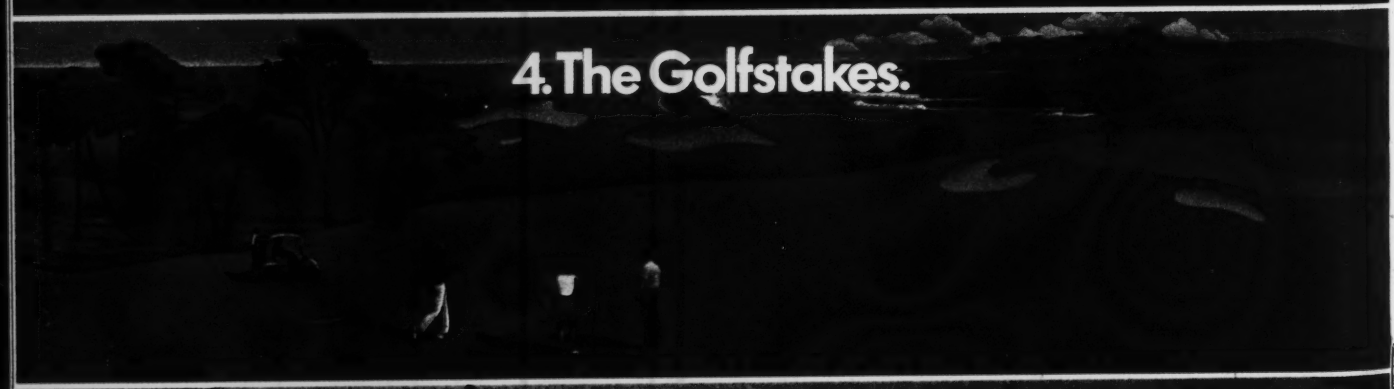
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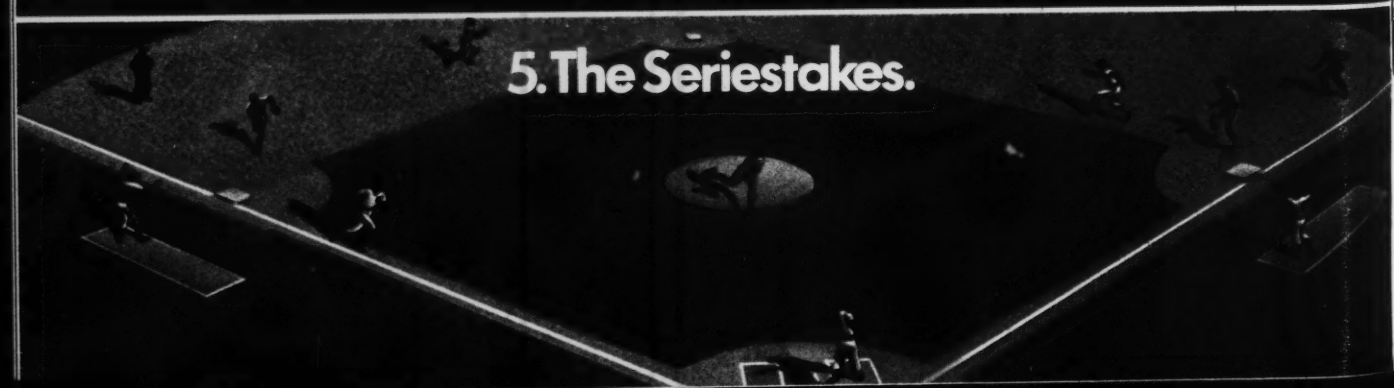
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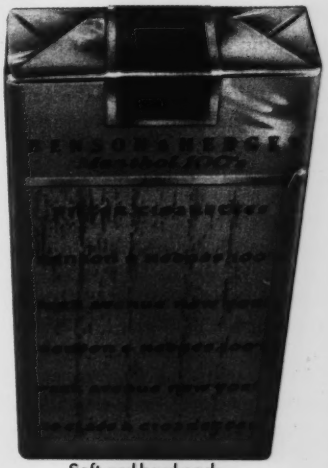

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their presentations to the health officers. Goldfield rose from the audience and described the worst possible consequences of the mass vaccination program: 15 percent disabling effects in the population (1 million out of 7 million in his state of New Jersey) and 30 to 70 percent febrile reactions in children. "When we talk emotionally about gambling with lives, we must also remember that we are gambling with lives, health and welfare if we throw around 200 million doses of the vaccine. There are dangers in going ahead," said Goldfield, who proposed that the vaccine be stockpiled until there is further evidence that the virus is being seeded in the population. "We are gambling with high morbidity and—I hate to say it in public—high mortality with the administration of this vaccine."

Even discounting the innuendo of mass murder through vaccination, the picture Goldfield reluctantly painted (and, when the meeting adjourned, reluctantly painted again for reporters and television cameras) illuminated for the dismayed health officers the plight they face this fall: in the course of preventing an epidemic that may not happen, they become the agents of one that certainly will.

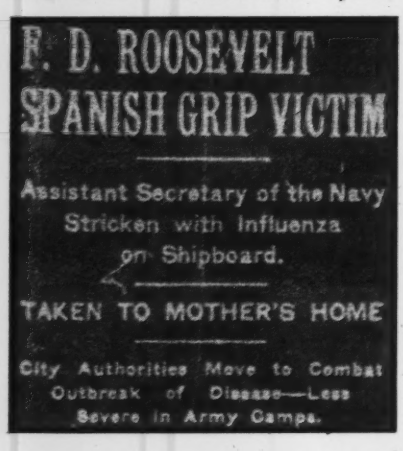
The rest of the world was caught short by the velocity of events in the U.S. The World Health Organization in Geneva at first pronounced the American action unwarranted without further evidence that the virus was spreading. But after some careful diplomacy ("We had to beat the hell out of them," explains an ACIP adviser), WHO recognized the wisdom of the decison. That done, other countries began to debate what they should do, and most of them realized that they might not be able to do anything at all.

There are only four Western countries that produce much vaccine, and it isn't clear that they plan to produce vaccine for anybody else. Canada, one of the many countries that depend on the U.S. for vaccines, announced that she intends to purchase 12 million doses from her usual American suppliers, despite the fact that America's entire output has already been spoken for by American taxpayers. If a pandemic occurs, it will be a case of a small blanket on a very big bed. Cover Canada and you expose—what? Puerto Rico? Alabama?

Sencer was candid with the state and local health officers. He realized that no decision would have been accepted with unanimity, he said, and "those of us who've been living with it on a day-to-day basis recognized that we may be wrong." The health officers left still feeling apprehensive and confused. Some of them continued to doubt the wisdom of the decision, but none of them questioned the courage.

Death ought to be a private event, at least as private as the life it follows. To the people who loved David Lewis, it is an ugly irony that the ramifications of his death should so outshine the splendor of his life—a short, but carefully lived life, full of purpose, that was directed entirely toward the service of God. The force that confers such unwonted distinction on a person's death must be, according to one's belief, cold-hearted coincidence or the hand of divinity.

At first, it was the opposite. At first it was the absence of significance in David's death that brought the grief of his family and friends to a cold white pitch. David was in the Army less than a month before the news came—again and again, in the forms of letters, awkward phone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TAKEN TO MOTHER'S HOME

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calls and uniformed men at the door—that David was gone. He was 19 and dead . . . of what? The Army could not say. To Mrs. Lewis, who is a nurse, the symptoms sounded like a cardiac arrest—but David had never had heart trouble. Peg Lapham, whom David planned to marry when he got out of the military and take to the missionary fields in South America, learned Wednesday that her fiancé had died. The next day she received a letter from him, a casual affectionate note he had written the previous Sunday, and in her anguish she searched the letter for clues. "I finally have time to write to you," David began.

> It's 10:00 in the morning. I feel pretty rotten today unfortunately. we had our physical fitness test yesterday and it kind of wiped me out. I did well in all but one event, the crabwalk.
>
> I felt a lot worse last night, like I had been hit by a truck. This morning I didn't go to church I laid down. I was really zonked or I would have gone.
>
> The gas chamber was really incredible. I have never gone through anything like it.

On Saturday the recruits had been marched through a room full of tear gas and instructed to remove their masks and repeat their names, ranks and social security numbers before sprinting outside. When Private Lewis died four days later, it was first suspected that he might have died of a freak reaction to the gas.

Even as David was being buried, the Army knew the true cause of his death, although his mother didn't hear of swine flu until two weeks later, from a car radio. Through this cruel revelation, the meaning of David's death became manifest.

If one can judge by the past, neither God nor fate would have taken David Lewis without omens, which on first passage barely catch our attention. From the sad perspective of hindsight, however, the signs beckon to us, and mock us, one supposes, with their felicity. The death of David Lewis was suitably portended.

Just before Christmas, David and Peg Lapham were driving from her home in New York's Catskills to see David's family in Ashley Falls, Massachusetts. They were traveling on Route 23, a rural road narrowed to less than two lanes by the high snow banks. In late spring Peg returned to the spot with a reporter, and showed him the hilltop where she and David encountered the pig. "It was a big pig," says Peg, who is a nursing student and a pilot in her free time. "Dave said it was more than 200 pounds. It was just standing out in the road, and Dave bumped it a little just to get it out of the way, and he bumped it again but the pig wouldn't move." Then David got out to determine if he had damaged the car or the pig.* With the owner's help, the pig blocking the highway finally did move on.

"I think the Lord took David for a purpose," said Peg. "He wanted to show us what is coming, so He took someone in His service." Peg is a fine and handsome woman at only 19, and her natural ebullience has outworn her grief. "The last time Dave and I talked, he spoke about his next assignment. He never knew his next assignment would be Heaven." ●

* At that moment did infection leap from pig to man? Mrs. Lewis believed it must have been so, and told the Army of the incident; the Army thanked her and ignored her. *New Times* found the pig, a domestic boar, and had his blood tested; the test showed the pig never had swine flu.

NO PRIVATE SMILES

Continued from page 25

paigning for secretary of state?" I hadn't read the article, but Tony's a friend, and he's modest almost to a fault. I said it was hard to believe he was running for secretary of state; he was only about 35 years old. Carter: "Who is he?" I answered: "He's the director of International Voluntary Service, the private Peace Corps, and was Kissinger's assistant until he resigned in protest over Cambodia." Carter's tone conveyed his disapproval: "He's the one who quit on Kissinger." It wasn't what I expected. Did he think Tony had committed a crime—or a sin?

Eizenstat handed Carter a draft of the economic position paper for Pennsylvania. The candidate was on guard: "I hope it doesn't commit me to too much." Carter said, playing with his ring, rolling it around his finger. He sounded irritated. "We have to be cautious. We don't want to offend anybody." There was an issue "that really bothers me. Don't send me any more statements on the Middle East or Lebanon. Jackson has all the Jews anyway." His tone was hard; the anger broke through his normal monotone. "It doesn't matter how far I go. I don't get over 4 percent of the Jewish vote anyway, so forget it. We get the Christians." I didn't regard it as anti-Semitic. I didn't. I don't, know how to regard it. Other politicians rebel privately against the pressure to prove they're pro-Israeli by repeating it over and over. "How many times do I have to say it?" they complain. But "we get the Christians"—I never heard that frame of electoral reference before.

Carter had to leave for a fund-raising reception with trucking executives. They were looking for "reassurance" about freight regulations "when I am president." He was ready to satisfy them, "as little as I have to." He would promise to eliminate backhaul rules.

Then Carter, very matter of factly, added: "I'll tell them that I oppose the diversion of the highway trust fund to mass transit." Eizenstat, quietly, diffidently: "You can't do that; you're already on record as favoring it." Carter glared. He stood up. A long pause, then he replied with measured impatience: "All right, maybe that's what I've said, but I think all this mass transit isn't a very good idea. I don't see why highway users should pay for subways. I think the money should be for highways." Another pause; he moved toward the door, then stopped. At least he could pledge "full completion and maintenance" of the interstate system "above any other objective."

Carter left. He had never smiled once in the meeting. The people around him appeared to be intimidated, cowed, afraid to talk back, even to correct a factual error.

My disquiet deepened at lunch with members of Carter's issues staff. I raised the military budget. The subject obviously touched a sore spot; the answer tumbled out in weary, discouraged rhythms. "We have a real problem being specific about cuts. Jimmy doesn't want to talk about military cuts at all. We gave him a solid document which Brzezinski [Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski of Columbia, one of Carter's earliest supporters] helped put together. Jimmy sent it back with a note saying: 'Nothing more on defense.' " Why? "Nitze [Paul Nitze, former Defense Department official and hard-line critic of détente] told Jimmy that the military budget might have to go up maybe $20 or $30 billion. Brzezinski thinks Jimmy shouldn't listen to that. Nitze says everything will be all right once Jimmy becomes president and talks to the Joint Chiefs of Staff."

My problem wasn't that I lacked access, but that I had it

Carter is on record as favoring a 5 to 7 percent reduction of defense spending. The pledge has brought some important liberals to his campaign. The possibility of another technical truth: Carter has never identified the base figure for the cuts; as president, he could cut 5 to 7 percent from the Ford trendline budget for 1978. Spending could rise by billions, but Carter could insist he kept his word. Not the spirit perhaps, but the words.

We were walking back to the office. "The three men Carter trusts most on foreign policy and defense are Brzezinski, Nitze and Rickover." It was humid in Atlanta, but the weather wasn't the only source of discomfort. Carter was "unsure about opposing the B-1 bomber." He was in public opposition, but he thought "the B-1 might be needed to deliver the cruise missile."

Jody Powell turned out to be a foreign policy adviser, too. That afternoon, after I finished a Pennsylvania issues memo based on Caddell's polling data, Jody recounted that he was "the one who figured out" a Korean position for Carter. The kicker was that it provided for "indefinite air cover" for South Korea's ground forces. It was typical of Powell. He's a consummate redefiner of meaning, a quicksilver clarifier when Carter stumbles over his candor. Jody has been with Carter almost since the beginning. He's among the few who would be there even to a bitter ending.

After work, I talked with a staff "heavy" who was with Carter long before the Iowa caucuses or New Hampshire. He looked and sounded beaten down, far older than when I'd last seen him months before. "Jimmy doesn't want to take positions. I'm surprised he went as far as he did on national health insurance." Did he like Carter? Jimmy was "a loner"; "he doesn't like to hear things he disagrees with"; "he's a lot like Nixon." I couldn't believe he said it. The feelings, the frustrations, must run deep. Others around Carter didn't compare him that explicitly with Nixon; maybe they didn't know what they were saying, but they all said it, indirectly, descriptively, in one way or another. A typical comment: "Jimmy doesn't like to talk; he'd rather go off alone and read a memo. He feels uncomfortable in meetings."

Tuesday, April 20

Over coffee in the office, a close Carter aide characterized him as a "basically authoritarian man" who would "run a very centralized presidency." Why were they so fixated on his personality? I wondered. I wasn't asking about it; I was increasingly reluctant to hear about it. I moved the conversation to issues. What about tax reform? Nothing was being done to prepare any proposals. Why? Carter's orders: he didn't want specifics, they could only cause trouble. What would he do about tax reform as president? "I'm not sure." What was the basis of the tax reform promise repeated over and over in Carter's stump speeches in rhyming rhythm: "The tax system is a dis*grace* to the human *race*"? Answer: "There isn't any substantively, but it's a good issue."

I fled back to foreign policy. It was an insecure refuge. Carter distrusted some of the task force members—in particular, Tony Lake; Dick Holbrooke, the editor of *Foreign Policy;* and Paul Warnke, who led the internal opposition in the Pentagon to the Vietnam War. They were "too liberal." Holbrooke also happened to be one of Carter's first apostles to the Democrats-in-waiting in Washington.

Over lunch, Morris Dees, the Carter finance director, concluded that

"ethnic purity helped more than it hurt." Morris, who was with McGovern in 1972, said he was "happy to be with a winner."

I spent the afternoon rewriting Carter's statement on mine health and safety for his visit the next morning to a coal mine in Finleyville, Pennsylvania. The issues staff had consulted over a period of a week or ten days with outside experts, primarily officials of the United Mine Workers. Carter already had pages of background material. But after the draft was done, everyone in the issues office warned: "Jimmy will never do it"; "it's too specific"; "it will offend the mineowners." They acted like shell-shocked veterans of a losing battle fought too many times. Was it them or Carter? I read the draft to Jody Powell; he was at home with the flu. "It's kind of strong, but I like it. It's the kind of thing we've got to get Jimmy to start saying."

That night in the bar of the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh, one of the staffers who travels with Carter was "filling" me in. "We were happy to get away with the health care speech. The press reported it as specific, but it doesn't really commit us to Kennedy-Corman or anything like it." Rewriting that speech ten days earlier, I hadn't realized I was improving the phrasing of loopholes.

Wednesday, April 21

I rode with Carter in his car to a 7:00 a.m. shift change at a steel plant. He asked some questions about the mine health and safety statement. "Who sponsors the bills [in Congress]?" I listed the names. "How much will this cost?" I repeated the figures—which were in his briefing material. He kept playing with his class ring. "What do the mine operators think?" I almost blurted out, "Who cares?"—but he obviously did, so I said they were against it. Carter struck out a provision to extend automatic black lung benefits to all miners who put in 30 years before the date when 90 percent of the coal mines finally meet federal dust standards. He approved the rest of the statement. We stopped in front of a coffee shop outside the plant gate. He smiled instantly, ear to ear, as he stepped out of the car.

I left the campaign caravan briefly after the next stop, a Pittsburgh TV station, to run off 50 copies of the statement on a borrowed Xerox machine. I caught up at the Finleyville mine. Carter was already down in the mine shaft. Another staffer pulled me aside: "I need to talk to you." We went into a room and she closed the door. "Don't release it; Jimmy thinks it's too radical."

An evening flight through a thunderstorm from Pittsburgh to Wilkes-Barre. Halfway there Carter wanted to "chat." He was in his seat, staring straight ahead at the bulkhead. On the plane, when he isn't reviewing a memo or meeting with someone he often just stares at the bulkhead. I never saw a book in his hands while traveling or on the nightstand in his hotel room.

I sat down next to him. No one sits there regularly. It's the "business" seat, for intermittent press interviews, for staff transacting business. It's empty much of the time. No small talk here. Carter was apologetic. He was "sorry" about the mine statement. "But I couldn't endorse these things. They're too controversial and expensive." His tone turned almost bitter. "Why should I do this for Arnold Miller if he won't come and endorse me?" He looked away, at the bulkhead. Then flatly, in an even voice, he said: "I don't think the benefits should be automatic. They chose to be miners." *Déjà vu* of words I never personally heard: "McGovern's worst mistake [was to] . . . make the Vietnam War an issue." I didn't ask my instant question: Do you think they *chose* to go to Anthracite No. 7 instead of becoming neurosurgeons?

Instead, I changed the subject. I was doing that a lot in this campaign. Why did he want to be president? "Well, let me read your and Pat's memo [the Pennsylvania issues memo] and we'll talk about it tomorrow." I searched for a specific. What, for example, if anything, did he want to say about the military budget? Maybe I was testing out what I was told in Atlanta. Carter flunked: "I don't want to tie my hands as president." He looked away again. "Anyway, there's no political advantage in the issue."

The first writing down of doubts. Before I went to bed that night, on a beige piece of Master Hosts Inn stationery, I noted three phrases: "Truckers—I don't think mass transit is a good idea"; "4 percent of Jews—we get the Christians"; "Defense—not tie my hands." Writing them didn't unsay them.

Thursday, April 22

On a TV talk show, Carter bobbled a question about fair employment. There is very little deliberate discrimination, just one or two instances. Bob Shogan of the *Los Angeles Times* noticed. He found me first. "What the hell does Carter mean by that?" Carter and I had dinner with the economic task force. Afterward, I told him about Shogan's reaction. "I didn't say that." I ventured another, softer try: "I'm pretty sure I heard it or something similar. I know Shogan will ask about it." He stared at me. Caged annoyance in slow cadence: "I did not say that." I saw the meaning of the metaphor, the blue ice of the eyes.

Pat Caddell was around for the first time in five days. He reviewed the Indiana poll with Jody and me. Disturbing news: Carter was only eight points ahead of Jackson; he was losing Blacks two to one; he was widely viewed as "not taking clear stands on the issues." But we couldn't tell him. It would "upset him." Jody: "Let's just get him through Pennsylvania." A big victory might knock Jackson out altogether. Then there was a clear track to the nomination.

We left Jody's room. I told Caddell I wanted to quit the campaign. We talked a long time. He asked me not to do anything until the next day. What I did was sit in the nearly empty, nighttime lobby of the Holiday Inn with a legal pad balanced on my knee, remembering, writing, attempting to sort it all out.

Friday, April 23

At the morning press conference, Carter announced his economic task force and program. He was for changing backhaul rules.

On the plane, we discussed topics for the afternoon news conference. "I don't want to talk about that"—attacking Jackson for promising both "guns and butter." Stu Eizenstat, up from Atlanta to travel with us for two days, had an alternative. Carter could urge Congress to override Ford's veto of the child care bill. Stu referred to an earlier draft of a statement to that effect. Carter had rejected it; Stu had a copy with him. Carter was crisp, decisive, negative. "I would have vetoed it myself. I talked with Governor Boren [of Oklahoma] and he says it's too expensive. If I were governor of Georgia, I wouldn't accept the federal money under these federal standards. I'd close down the program first." He paused and stared at me. "I suppose your ex-boss [I supposed he meant Senator McGovern] thinks the bill is just great." Jody winced; Carter wasn't smiling.

We landed. I called Caddell from a pay phone. I'd had it. What was this character all about? He would have vetoed child care. Were we trying to reelect Ford under another name? Pat asked me to "please talk with Jody and Jimmy."

I spent half of a two-hour flight to Memphis with Jody. I didn't have to explain my reactions. Caddell had reached him before we took off. On defense spending, Powell didn't know—it "could

be" that Carter favored an increase, or wanted to be "flexible." On coal mine safety, well, Carter had a mineowner "friend" in Virginia. That's why Carter said the week before that Udall's strip-mining bill was too strong. But he "clarified" his position later the same day.

Jody was complimentary, cool and solicitous. It would be "terrible" if I left. Carter and I should have a "long talk" on the flight back from Memphis. Jody wouldn't tell Carter I might quit; it would "upset Jimmy too much." He would just "tell a fib" that I was "unclear about a few things."

During the layover in Memphis, I bought the *Press-Scimitar*. The lead story was that Ford had reversed Kissinger and announced that the U.S. would refuse to consider normalizing relations with Vietnam, even in return for a full accounting of the missing in action. I drafted a statement for the news conference the next morning condemning the President for caving in to Reagan, who was exploiting Vietnam policy as an issue in the Texas primary.

Flying from Memphis to Johnstown, I spent an hour in the "business seat" next to Carter. He accepted the Vietnam release with hardly a comment. He didn't say, "Clear it with Brzezinski," which surprised Stu Eizenstat when I told him later.

Suddenly Carter smiled. He obviously was aware of my disaffection, if not its degree. He answered questions before I could ask them. He "likes" McGovern; he "admires" him. I wouldn't have asked about that. On black lung and child care: "I just don't want to talk about congressional legislation, even if I favor it." The conversation was easy, plausible, persuasive. Carter's manner recalled his attitude during our meeting at the Madison Hotel. He glided into complimenting me. I wrote "well"; he felt "comfortable" with my style. After Pennsylvania, he wanted two releases a day and a "serious" speech every seven to ten days. The speeches should focus on "theme" topics like "the presidency," not on "programs or issues as such."

He stopped. Was that it? I raised the defense budget. Carter stopped smiling. He fixed me in his gaze; he sounded sincere, almost solemn. "I don't have any doubt there's waste there which can be cut out. I've talked it over with Admiral Rickover and he's told me about it."

Nothing more. It wasn't much, but I wanted it to be enough. Carter's explanations didn't explain his earlier comments. That black lung benefits, for instance, were "too controversial, "too radical"; that he "would have vetoed" child care. I didn't ask about "Christians" or mass transit. I didn't know how to phrase it right: "Are you a liar, Governor?" I didn't push on defense. I didn't want to make threats or give an ideological litmus test. I didn't want to think about it at all. Jody that night in Johnstown: "Is everything okay?" I said yes. I hoped I meant it.

Saturday, April 24

Carter read the Vietnam statement at the morning press conference in Johnstown. David Broder of the *Washington Post* asked for other examples of Ford caving in to Reagan on foreign policy. Carter couldn't think of one; he'd supply one later. In his room afterward, I offered some. The shifts in détente policy—Carter paused, that was "too controversial." The threats to intervene in Cuba or Africa. Carter sounded impatient; he started twisting his ring again—that was also "too controversial." Something non-controversial—Ford renouncing the word "détente." That was "all right." We told Broder on the press bus.

"We have to be cautious. We don't want to offend anybody"

On the plane, I prepared briefing materials for Carter's session with the other candidates on *Issues and Answers*. Carter, one aide said, "doesn't like to appear with the others." He "detests" the League of Women Voters forums on Public Broadcasting. In one briefing paper, I needed to refer to the dollar savings due to government reorganization in Georgia. I asked Jody. He was off-handed: "We say $50 million, but no one really knows how much it saved or cost. It depends how you calculate it."

At 7:30 that night, Walter Mears of the A.P. interviewed Carter in my hotel room. Any details on reorganization? Carter cited Medicare and Medicaid being in different parts of HEW. I knew he couldn't offer anything substantial. On that first day in Atlanta, I asked a top aide if the campaign had done any research on the issue. Carter could be more credible with a few hard examples. The "research," the only research, was a Xerox of an article from *Washingtonian* magazine. It listed some petty, silly-sounding federal boards. The Tea Board was supposed to be our example? Carter would appear foolish, frivolous. Was there any other research? No. Carter was reducing 1,900 agencies to 200. Where did that number come from? "It sounded good."

After the Mears interview, Carter went to meet with steel company executives. I went to dinner with a veteran of the Kennedy campaigns. Why was he for Carter?

"I enjoy these campaigns," he said. "This time, I wanted to wait until after the convention, but I didn't have a good line into this campaign. So when he started to move fast, I decided I couldn't wait and got on board. And Carter's at least acceptable on the issues."

Sunday, April 25

We briefed Carter for *Issues and Answers*. A first-rate mind. He speeds through a briefing. He was all business, as usual. He set the pace. Even the closest staff wait to see where he's going, then point in that direction. Disagreements are tentative, indirect, a process of letting him think the other idea was his in the first place.

In the afternoon, Jody and others discussed Chris Lydon, the *New York Times* reporter assigned to Carter. He was "unfair" about "ethnic purity"—Lydon printed Representative Andy Young's comment that it was a "Hitlerian" statement. He "should be taken off the campaign." There might be "an in at the *Times*" to do it. One person said: "Lydon's in trouble at the *Times*." No further explanation.

We flew to Pittsburgh, then a long bus ride to New Kensington for a speech in a crowded Sons of Italy hall. Carter's style is compelling. He can be intimate, he can huddle with a thousand people. He talked tough about "waste at the Pentagon—the first time I heard him do it. Hard generalities. That night he asked how I liked the "defense part" of the New Kensington speech. After I resigned, in phone calls urging me to return, Carter operatives wondered why I wasn't "happy" after New Kensington; "it was Jimmy's way of showing you where he stood." A thousand people and he was speaking at me. A pinpoint calibration of effect.

Dinner in the Pittsburgh Hilton. Robert Strauss' name came up; he's the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Carter's managers were hinting to Strauss that he could stay through November. Carter: "If we can't remove Strauss, I'll be a pretty pathetic nominee." He didn't trust Strauss to control the millions of dollars of federal

funds for the fall campaign.

The conversation moved to the vice-presidential nominee. Jackson? Carter glanced at the house liberal—me. "Don't worry, Bob. I don't like him. I used to, but not after this." Carter wasn't considering any of the other candidates. "Harris is my favorite among my opponents"—but not as a running-mate. Pat Caddell brought up Muskie. No comment from Carter. The next mention was Walter Mondale of Minnesota, who would satisfy both the reformers and the Humphrey regulars. For some unstated, perhaps unrelated reason, Carter made a face—maybe it was the food. How about Adlai Stevenson, his father's son and the senator from Illinois, in trade for the Daley bloc of delegates? Carter was resistant: "Some of the senators say he's not very bright." I wondered out loud: was it possible Kennedy might take second place? Carter was silent as Jody Powell flattened my automatic assumption that Kennedy's willingness was the relevant variable. "We don't want Kennedy. The smartest thing Lyndon Johnson ever did was not to take Bobby Kennedy." Carter added: "You look at what's available—maybe I should go outside electoral politics."

I was curious to hear his rationale, to see if Caddell or Powell would dissent. Carter himself is perceived as barely in politics, certainly in terms of experience; the "expert" consensus is that he should make a reassuring selection from the Senate, someone with Washington credentials, particularly a demonstrated interest in foreign policy. Was Carter being serious or speculative about picking a non-politician? Idle speculation is not his habit; for him, pastime is waste-time. He doesn't play with ideas. But the vice-presidential discussion dead-ended abruptly with the tableside arrival of Congressman Bill Green, who won the Democratic nomination for senator from Pennsylvania two days later. Green pulled up a chair and sat to Carter's right. Carter smiled.

The topic of the next 20 minutes was Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, a Jackson supporter now and a Democrat for Nixon in 1972. Days before, Carter had been hesitant to attack Rizzo: "We don't want to offend the Nixon voters." The first anti-Rizzo blast from Carter—actually, it was more a pop than a blast—had been fired in an accidental press release. But the media reaction was positive, so Carter ran with the issue for the rest of the primary. Carter chatted with Green through a stop-action smile. A question popped into my mind's ear: if smiling is an effort of the man's will, do his facial muscles ever tire in public? I smiled, to myself.

Monday, April 26

At lunch and intermittently through the day, staff members traded anecdotes and insights. Carter remains an endlessly fascinating puzzle to those who surround him, even after they know him for years. Deferential in his presence, they can be bemused among themselves. One of them referred to Carter as "a very odd duck."

How does he decide to smile? "To impress or persuade people." Never, otherwise? "Hardly ever."

Did Carter play any games? "Tennis—but he gave it up for the campaign. He doesn't want the public to think of him as a tennis player." What did he do with his spare time? "He can't stand not to be busy."

Carter, one aide laughed earlier, "got away with saying the strangest things." He supported the Supreme Court decision that the states could outlaw homosexual acts because "fornication is a sin and Carter said he assumes that also means between men." Did he believe every "sin" should be a crime? No, but as president, "he'll preach personal morality. He thinks a basic problem in America is permissiveness."

I asked Jody how much the reorganization in Georgia had saved. "We say $30 million, but no one really knows how much it saved or cost. It depends on how you calculate it"

Why did it take so long to retract "ethnic purity"? The staff warned him that defending the "mistake"—they all seemed to assume among themselves that it was a mistake—would compound the disaster. At first Carter insisted he would "never back down." The story variously related that Andy Young persuaded him to apologize, or that his wife "talked him into it."

One of Carter's closest friends shrugged off the economic and foreign policy task forces: "Jimmy doesn't take these guys seriously. He wants their names [Harriman, Vance, Chayes of Harvard, Thurow of MIT, et al.] but he doesn't like other stars around him. He's the star and he wants other people to carry out his ideas."

Carter was on a 30-hour trip to Connecticut and New Jersey. I stayed in Philadelphia to write the victory statement for Pennsylvania. When I finished in the early evening, I reread it. I believed what it said, but not Carter saying it. "Specificity is not oversimplicity; the solution is not overpromising." But for Carter, the reasons were only a rationalization.

"Bill Moyers wants to go to Plains, but we shouldn't encourage him." Why not? The networks and other reporters have been there. "Moyers understands small towns. He'll figure out it's a company town. The Carters own everything; everyone works for them; the wages are as low as Jackson says." A pause before the punch line. "Carter can say he lives in an integrated neighborhood in the same sense Thomas Jefferson did at Monticello." Laughter.

Back in my room, I remembered the last four days on a legal pad. I thought about the pluses. Carter was easy to write for if I skirted certain subjects and softened the hard edges of issues. He took the releases and speeches, often with no changes—and McGovern never did that, even after four years. Carter was close to the presidency; I was probably as close to the White House as I ever could be. But I couldn't strike the bargain. There was one minus that couldn't be balanced off—Carter himself. Bright, perhaps brilliant, maybe the best campaigner of my lifetime—but he wasn't the candidate I went to work for, the president I wanted to help elect.

Tuesday, April 27

It took me 18 more hours to do it, but at 5:00 p.m. I left a resignation letter to Carter with Jody Powell, took a cab to 30th Street Station in Philadelphia and, in a last, small extravagance before unemployment, bought a first-class ticket on the Metroliner to Washington. Six and a half hours later at a friend's home, I was called downstairs for the Carter victory celebration on television. I watched briefly, only seconds, then retreated to the guest room.

A week afterward, the day before the D.C. primary, I stopped in a High's dairy store on Foxhall Road to buy a pack of cigarettes. On the counter, I noticed a stack of Carter campaign literature. Carter was quoted: "If I ever tell a lie, make a misleading statement, or betray your trust, don't support me." ●

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Carter, one aide laughed earlier, "got away with saying the strangest things." He supported the Supreme Court decision that the states could outlaw homosexual acts because "fornication is a sin and Carter said he assumes that also means between men." Did he believe every "sin" should be a crime? No, but as president, "he'll preach personal morality. He thinks a basic problem in America is permissiveness."

I asked Jody how much the reorganization in Georgia had saved. "We say $30 million, but no one really knows how much it saved or cost. It depends on how you calculate it"

Why did it take so long to retract "ethnic purity"? The staff warned him that defending the "mistake"—they all seemed to assume among themselves that it was a mistake—would compound the disaster. At first Carter insisted he would "never back down." The story variously related that Andy Young persuaded him to apologize, or that his wife "talked him into it."

One of Carter's closest friends shrugged off the economic and foreign policy task forces: "Jimmy doesn't take these guys seriously. He wants their names [Harriman, Vance, Chayes of Harvard, Thurow of MIT, et al.] but he doesn't like other stars around him. He's the star and he wants other people to carry out his ideas."

Carter was on a 30-hour trip to Connecticut and New Jersey. I stayed in Philadelphia to write the victory statement for Pennsylvania. When I finished in the early evening, I reread it. I believed what it said, but not Carter saying it. "Specificity is not oversimplicity; the solution is not overpromising." But for Carter, the reasons were only a rationalization.

"Bill Moyers wants to go to Plains, but we shouldn't encourage him." Why not? The networks and other reporters have been there. "Moyers understands small towns. He'll figure out it's a company town. The Carters own everything; everyone works for them; the wages are as low as Jackson says." A pause before the punch line. "Carter can say he lives in an integrated neighborhood in the same sense Thomas Jefferson did at Monticello." Laughter.

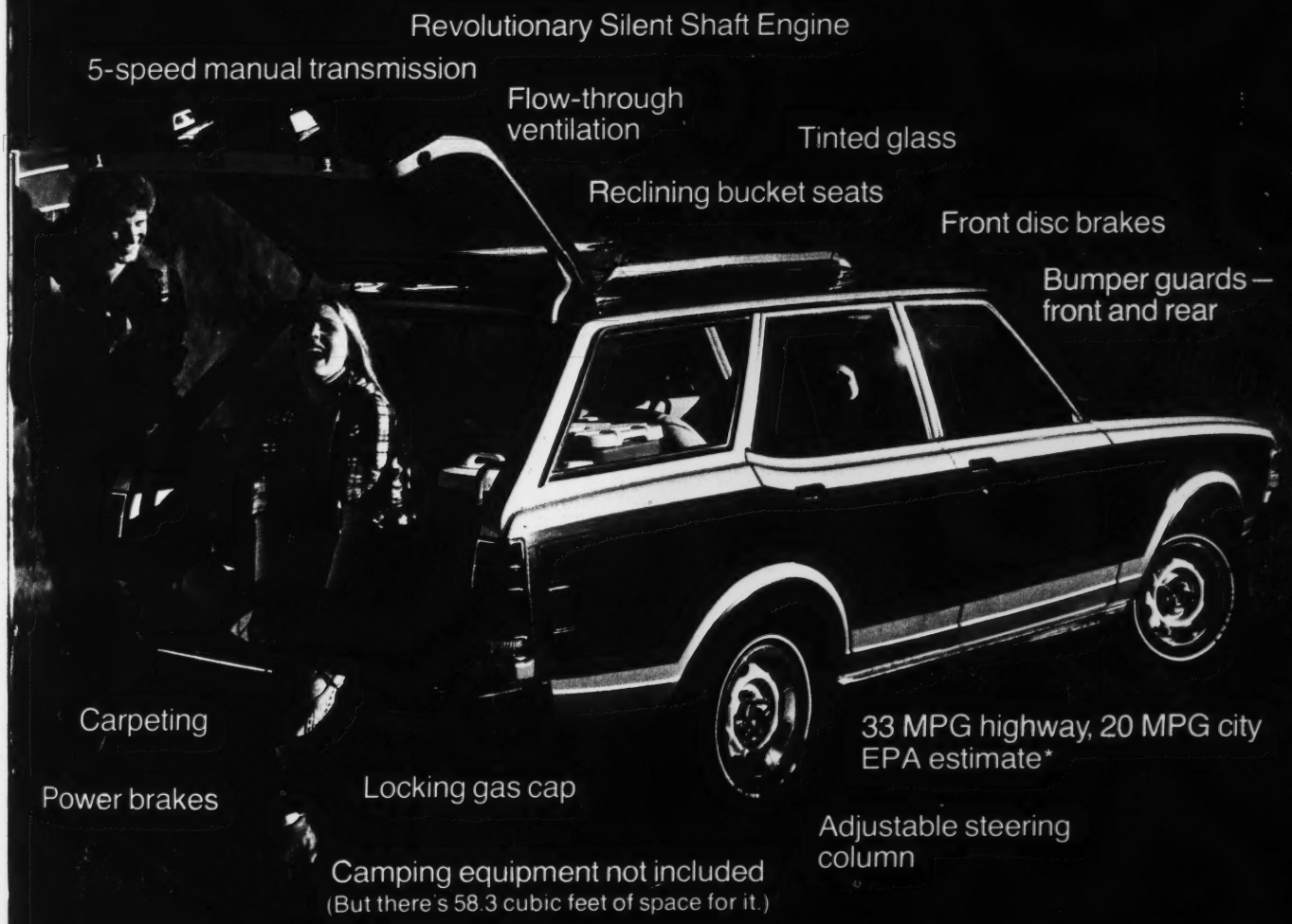
Back in my room, I remembered the last four days on a legal pad. I thought about the pluses. Carter was easy to write for if I skirted certain subjects and softened the hard edges of issues. He took the releases and speeches, often with no changes—and McGovern never did that, even after four years. Carter was close to the presidency; I was probably as close to the White House as I ever could be. But I couldn't strike the bargain. There was one minus that couldn't be balanced off—Carter himself. Bright, perhaps brilliant, maybe the best campaigner of my lifetime—but he wasn't the candidate I went to work for, the president I wanted to help elect.

Tuesday, April 27

It took me 18 more hours to do it, but at 5:00 p.m. I left a resignation letter to Carter with Jody Powell, took a cab to 30th Street Station in Philadelphia and, in a last, small extravagance before unemployment, bought a first-class ticket on the Metroliner to Washington. Six and a half hours later at a friend's home, I was called downstairs for the Carter victory celebration on television. I watched briefly, only seconds, then retreated to the guest room.

A week afterward, the day before the D.C. primary, I stopped in a High's dairy store on Foxhall Road to buy a pack of cigarettes. On the counter, I noticed a stack of Carter campaign literature. Carter was quoted: "If I ever tell a lie, make a misleading statement, or betray your trust, don't support me." ●

How did Dodge Colt put so much in such a little car?



Introducing the '76 Dodge Colt Estate Wagon. With all the standard equipment listed here, this Colt got 33 MPG on the highway, 20 MPG in the city. Colt comes in four other models, too: Coupe, Carousel, 4-door Sedan and GT. **Prices start at $3,175.** (Base sticker price for a 1976 Colt Coupe. Not including taxes, destination charges, license and title fees and optional equipment. California prices slightly higher.)

Dodge

*EPA estimate for Colt Estate Wagon. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. In California, see your dealer for mileage data.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Today the strawberry, tomorrow...

Nature, roll over—with an artful mix of chemicals, master flavorists are now reproducing the taste of just about every food. For most Americans, a favorite meat or vegetable may soon exist only as an essence

By Ruth Rosenbaum

They call them creative flavorists. In the entire world there are only 13 great creative flavorists and no more than 150 others who have what it takes to be considered part of their select society. Shielded from the public eye, these high priests of the multimillion-dollar flavor industry invoke the chemical elements and create from them the counterfeit flavors that are in three-quarters of the products on our supermarket shelves.

Advertisements in food industry journals boast of their masterpieces: fake chocolate flavor that tastes and smells just like "the dark expensive stuff made from imported South American cocoa beans"; synthetic chicken flavor that "*feels* more like chicken than any other chicken flavor you have ever tasted"; "right-off-the-bush" imitation strawberry flavor; imitation coconut flavor that "tastes more like coconuts than coconuts"; three species of artificial potato flavor—"European Bintje, green earthy Idaho and popular King Edward"... Though nature still clutches a few last secrets (the flavor and odor of fresh-baked bread and fresh-ground coffee are the most elusive), it cannot be long before the remaining untouched edibles are transformed by the alchemical powers that be.

Flavorists have even managed to go beyond nature with their artificial *canned* tomato and *canned* tomato paste

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Make friends with Max.

Max. The maximum 120mm cigarette.

Great tobaccos. Terrific taste.
Same price as 100's.
And that long, lean, all-white dynamite look.

"What do you say to a long, lean, terrific-tasting cigarette?"

"Hello Max."

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

© Lorillard 1976

flavors that give people the tinny taste they have become accustomed to. And their artificial fruit flavors infused with "burnt or scorched nuances" match the effect that processing has on the real thing.

But more than simply replicating all natural and industrial tastes within our experience, flavorists will soon be able to create primal taste-experiences and provide an individual with flavor landmarks from cradle, or even pre-cradle, to grave.

Researchers are investigating the possibility of actually flavoring the amniotic fluid; they have found that if a pregnant woman is fed especially well-flavored food, the fetus knows and will consume more of the fluid.

At International Flavors and Fragrances, Inc. (IFF—the largest international flavor seller, based in New York), flavorists had perfected an artificial human breast-milk flavor as early as 1968. How did they do it? "We brought some mothers into the lab, squeezed the milk from them and then managed to simulate it," a flavorist fondly recalls. IFF also invests in Masters and Johnson's Reproductive Biology Research Center. "It can't hurt to know what we can do to improve man's sexual urge," said one IFF researcher.

Even death has been conquered. A flavorist at Norda, Inc., another large New York-based flavor house, successfully reproduced the odor of a cadaver, although flies put to the test seemed to prefer an artificial strawberry aroma.

Heavy steel doors guard the entrance to the flavorists' laboratories. Inside, the old guard of herbal extracts, essential oils and flower absolutes from all over the world are being pushed aside on vast shelves by hundreds of bottles of wood- and petroleum-derived chemicals. Powerful odors pervade the long corridors, changing outside each laboratory: air pockets of cheddar cheese, maple, onion and garlic, fried hamburger, brown gravy. . . . Magical changes, as there is not a telltale sign of the sites of creation, no steaming vials, no bubbling test tubes, just rows of unanimated bottles of multicolored powders and liquids.

The formulas conceived in these labs are locked away and guarded with greatest care and expense. Even flavorists within the same company may be denied access to one another's formulas. There is talk of secret labs in remote mountainous regions. According to one flavorist I spoke to, kidnapping has become a real menace in the industry. He dares not tell his wife and children even the names of the food manufacturers his company sells its flavors to, so they will have nothing to say to potential extortionists.

The center of artificial flavor intrigue and creation is the New York-New Jersey area, where most of the handful of companies that account for nearly all U.S. flavor sales are based. These include Fritzsche-Dodge & Olcott Inc., IFF, Givaudan Corp., Firmenich, Inc., Norda, Inc., Monsanto Flavor/Essence Inc., H. Kohnstamm & Co., Felton International, Inc., and Ungerer & Co. Major exceptions are McCormick Industrial Flavor Division in Maryland, and Warner-Jenkinson in St. Louis, Mo.

Each day these companies send out drums containing up to 50 gallons of precious formula (hand-mixed by employees who often know only code names for the chemicals they combine)not only to U.S. food manufacturers but to companies in almost every country of the world.

Cutthroat competition among flavor houses has forced executives to seek out, bid for and woo top creative flavorists who can conjure unique tastes for their customers' products. One New Jersey company with a newly formed flavor division managed to attract a master flavorist who had previously worked at IFF. "It was like the culmination of a two-year romance," the president told me proudly.

A change of a few parts per million could make the difference between the product's tasting like sweat or like coconut

Romanticism is the core of the flavorist's profession. To "capture in a formula the essence of what I perceive with my own nose and tongue," is how one flavorist describes his ambition. Another calls God his "toughest competitor."

As I went from flavor lab to flavor lab, I found that they practice a distinctive art form with its own romantic aesthetic, and that they are themselves the gourmet chefs of the world of convenience foods.

People in the industry compare flavorists equally to sculptors, composers, painters and writers ("Shakespeare created great literature, we create great flavors," runs one ad), but the spirit of flavor creation seems closest to that of music composition. Even the vocabularies of the two arts converge at several points. The "note" is the basic unit of flavor vocabulary, and the desk at which the flavorist creates his chemical harmonies is called a "console."

No bigger than an average office desk, the console has several tiers of shelves above it, placing at the flavorist's fingertips the chemicals he considers most essential. (Chemicals used in flavors are called "flavomatics.")

Let's say a flavorist wants to create an artificial strawberry flavor. First he has to have the "notes" of a real strawberry clear in his mind. Every flavorist will perceive them differently, but the "dominant notes" in strawberry that almost everyone agrees on are the "straw or hay notes," "sour notes," a "sweet note" often appearing as a "sweet green note," "ester notes" and "green butter notes," as well as "rose effects" and a "decidedly balsamic character." These vary according to the kind of product the flavor is destined for. With strawberry preserves, for example, the flavorist will play up the "rose and honey notes" and cool it on the "butter-balsam." For taffy candy, he'd tone down the "green notes." Once at his console, the flavorist's fingers fly to the flavomatics he knows, through years of experience, to yield basic strawberry notes.

Then one by one he chooses others, blending, smelling, tasting, adding a bit more of one, smelling and tasting again, trying another, refining the flavor each time until it is complete—with "supporting notes," "background notes" and "interest notes" as well as the basics.

In all, there are about 2,000 raw materials for the flavorist to choose from, each one with several characteristic notes. As the flavorist composes at his console, he must be able to envision how the notes of each material he adds will "sound" with every other note in the final flavor composition. (All materials have to be chemically attuned as well.) Flavor creation requires a great deal of delicacy. A change in a single ingredient at the ratio of a few parts per million in the final product could result in "off-flavors," or could even make the difference between the product's tasting like sweat or like coconut.

The number of ingredients in an artificial flavor varies from 25 to 100 or more, depending on the flavorist's style.

"With some of these newfangled mixed fruit and punch flavors, my colleagues'll use 200, even 300 ingredients. I

Ruth Rosenbaum is a free-lance writer who lives in New York.

personally prefer to keep things simpler," said one flavorist.

As with strawberry, each particular flavor has a few indispensable notes. Normal milk, for example, has a "minute note of the body odor of the cow" and a slight "feedy note." You won't find beer or honey without their "horsey notes," nor apple without its "pip note." "Tingle notes," as in mint and anise, go into mouthwash and toothpaste flavors.

In my efforts to find out about the chemical concertos many of us consume at every meal, I came across a sinister unruly underworld of flavor notes, the minor key of the flavomatic scale.

"Oily Tonka-bean undertones" find their way into nut, cheese, vanilla and caramel flavors, and "sweat-like notes" into imitation rum, chocolate, pecan and butterscotch flavors. A flavomatic with "tarry-repulsive" and "choking" notes is used in making artificial cheese, coffee, chocolate, grapefruit and nut flavors. "Gassy notes" crop up in fruit, wine, brandy and nut flavors.

And there it was—the "fecal note." The chemical that brings us this note is commonly called Skatole—appropriately like scatology and skata ("shit" in Greek)—and is used in cheese, fruit and nut flavors. One author writes, "The use of Skatole in flavors may come as a surprise to some perfumers who find it hard to believe that we can 'eat' this odor."

"Overripe bass notes," "fresh metallic topnotes," "piercing apricot-like notes," "ethereal winey overtones"—the beat goes on as the flavorist, alone at his console, orchestrates everything into final flavor harmony.

"I am known in the industry as the creator of strawberry," says C. Strawberry, a senior flavorist at an important New Jersey flavor house who prefers that his real name remain confidential. His strawberry is called a "classic"; it is in every kind of pink-flavored food or drink you can imagine, and it has made millions for his company.

But ask C. Strawberry how *he* feels about it. "I'm not satisfied. It's still not what I have in mind. Strawberry has been my pet flavor since I was a child, and I want to examine it more, delve into it, see what makes it flash."

The technique of examining a flavor when he first began, over 30 years ago, and of examining one today are as different as "making fire with flint or making it with a match," says Mr. Strawberry. In the flint era, it first took a ton of strawberry, say, to get a half-pound of extractive of strawberry. The flavorist then had to separate out as many of the chemical constituents as possible through traditional chemical analysis (he might have obtained 10 or 12 for all his trouble) and then sniff for clues to the chemicals that yielded flavor notes.

Now, with the gas liquid chromatographer (GLC) that was used in most U. S. flavor companies by the early sixties, he can inject 5 millionths of a liter of strawberry oil into the GLC and, within minutes, obtain a long chart with a series of peaks that can be used to identify about 200 of the chemical constituents of the oil. Of these, the flavorist may be able to find 50 or 60 that contribute to natural strawberry flavor and that give him a broader range of definite "notes" from which to compose his flavors.

Flavorists don't hesitate to tell you what a tremendous aid the GLC has been to them, as long as you know who's still boss. And they make sure you know.

"I don't know how many times I've had to correct that thing," one said in mock exasperation. "You see, it confuses structurally similar chemicals, but if *I* go over and put my nose to the exhaust board, I can distinguish them as they separate out." No, flavorists do not feel technology is anywhere ready to replace them. What does worry them is that a new breed of flavorist, with undue respect for machinery and not much romantic motivation, may eventually degrade the profession.

Soon the hamburger will not simply be helped, it will be relieved of all duties, dismissed completely

J. J. Broderick, manager of H. Kohnstamm & Co.'s flavor division in New York City and author of *The Apricot—A Disappearing Art?* seemed sincerely concerned as he spoke about the problem: "What will happen to the industry if there are no more flavorists who know how to rely on their own creativity and sense of perception? No flavor has ever been created from 100 percent technical know-how."

"You have these young men coming from all these universities and centers of education and so forth; well, they have a lot of knowledge of instruments,but so many of them have no imagination." C. Strawberry's tone was sad and a little scornful. "What they have yet to realize is that this is a very slow-going profession. Even now with the instruments, it takes a lifetime to really get to know all the raw materials and to get close enough to nature to be able to emulate her creations. You see, no instrument can ever achieve what the human nose and tongue can achieve."

The Monsanto Flavor Library in Montvale, New Jersey. A large room filled with tall cases, several shelves high, with rows four and five deep of brown-tinted glass bottles, each containing an achievement of the human nose and tongue.

"You just have to smell our watermelon. That's my favorite. Let's see, I think it's in the 8000's."

I follow my guide, Joe Jacobs, head of Monsanto's Flavor Application Laboratories, to the sixth aisle, where he begins looking among the early 8000's, reading off the selections.

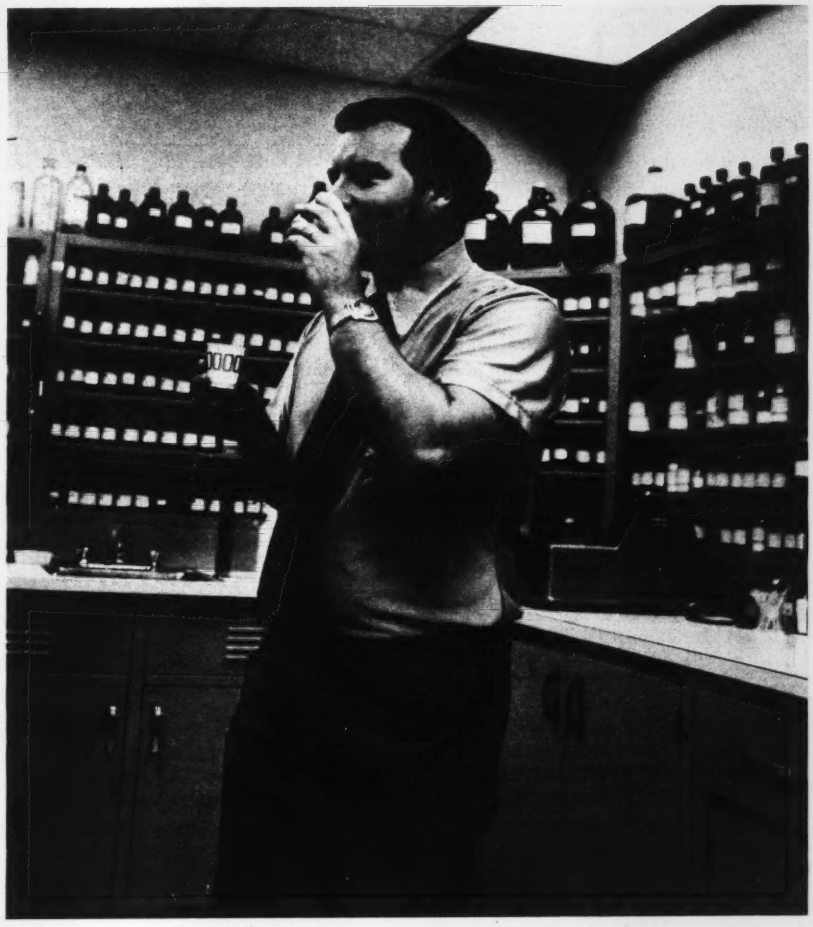
"Lemon special, Formosan mushroom, celery, guava, bacon. . . ." It's like being in an uncatalogued bookstore where you can find *Twelfth Night* next to *Helter Skelter* and you never know what to expect next. ". . .Deer tongue, blackberry, cherry tobacco, black pepper. . . ." Still no watermelon.

Mr. Jacobs calls an invisible librarian and asks for help. A few seconds later we hear, from beyond the last set of shelves, perhaps from an adjacent room: "Try #8794 and #8999." First 8999, Imitation Watermelon. Joe unscrews the bottle and waves it in front of my nose. Perfect—watermelon at the reddest part, far from the rind. Next to this, Imitation Watermelon #8794 is very disappointing—a vague fruity sweet-sour odor, probably used in hard candies.

We move through the stacks, stopping in almost every aisle, spending the lunch hour sniffing whatever looks good—imitation ham and beef flavors, barbecue sauce flavors, three kinds of artificial mushroom flavor, imitation Yago Sant'gria, butter, sour cream, green pepper, boiled milk, Parmesan cheese, white wine and mango flavors. All these were satisfying, but what I really recommend is their Cucumber #7035—the artificial odor itself carries the impression of crunchiness, moisture and seeds, as well as real cucumber flavor.

For dessert I order artificial cheesecake flavor. A quick call to the librarian, who calls back "6002," and in seconds I have it before my nose.

One-quarter of the 11,000 flavors in Monsanto's library were created in the past eight years; so were approximately one-quarter of the 103,000 flavor



Using "straw notes" and "rose effects," a flavorist can recreate a strawberry.

formulas (dating from 1920) in the library of Fritzsche-Dodge & Olcott, one of the leading U. S. flavor companies. Most of the new stock is synthetic in these and other companies equally prolific.

Synthetic flavors were first widely used in the U. S. about 1880. They were mostly imported from Germany—imitation pear, cherry, melon, mulberry, quince, apricot, rum and cognac flavors used to replace part of the natural flavor in food, wines and brandies. When World War I brought a stop to the importation of these delights, the U. S. began to cultivate its own garden, then mostly overrun with natural flavors.

From this time until almost 1960, fruit flavors, vanilla, maple and imitation spices (mostly developed during World War II) were the only synthetic produce. Not only that, the flavors were used either to add a dimension to a food with an unrelated flavor (artificial vanilla flavor used in making chocolate), or they were used to give a cheap boost to the natural flavor, as in ice cream or beverages. But except for certain classes of foods, like gelatin desserts and hard candy, artificial flavors were not used to replace totally the natural, nor to give a food its fundamental taste.

In the early sixties, however, flavorists armed with new flavor chemicals and with a mandate from the food manufacturers stormed the barnyard, the sea, the orchards, supplanting the first set of creations with their own. One company now offers 41 varieties of imitation meat and meat gravy flavors. There is an artificial "gulf-fresh shrimp" flavor, imitation tuna fish, scallop and crab flavors, and an all-round "crustacean flavor." What is significant is that more and more of the flavors are being used to replace entirely the real things. Soon the hamburger will not simply be helped, it will be relieved of all duties, dismissed completely. There already are meat-like products made from vegetable protein and artificial flavoring, and there are many more flavors waiting in the aisles of flavor company libraries for the proper product to come along. If manufacturers manage to mold a chicken shape from vegetable protein, they can dress it immediately with imitation chicken breast flavor, chicken fat flavor, chicken skin flavor and basic chicken flavor.

Fruit flavors have reached such a state of perfection that food manufacturers have been inspired to come up with totally artificial dried apricots and artificial "chopped strawberries" used in muffin mixes, both complete with flavor, aroma and texture of the real thing.

I was impressed to learn that it is often the flavorist himself who instills his flavor with texture, or, as they call it, "mouthfeel" (or "how it chews"). They can bring to life whole families of flavors, each member having a different "bite." A chocolate flavor, say, could come in five different mouthfeels, ranging from a pulpy sauce to "a crispy bit typified by a crouton."

The vegetable patch was nature's last stronghold against the flavorists' advances. Not until the late sixties did the imitations begin to sprout. Tomato was first, followed by potato (baked and French fried), green bean, celery, parsley, pea, cucumber, carrot and mushroom. Most of these, with tomato the main exception, are not yet good enough to replace a natural flavor completely and may simply add "vegetable interest" to dressings, dips and sauces. (Even the Monsanto cucumber flavor that smelled so perfect is probably only capable of "enhancing cucumber character.")

But serious forages into vegetable territory began only within the last decade; there is not much doubt about what will happen in the next.

Having watched its army of artists triumph over almost every individual edible creation, the flavor industry was ripe for an assault on nature itself.

Earlier, in the fifties, companies would talk of their flavor conquests somewhat apologetically, embarrassed. "We are proud to announce our new improved cherry flavor; of course it is still no match for Mother Nature's," a company bulletin read.

In the early sixties, there was open boast of the flavorist's knowledge of nature and his ability to duplicate her. Everybody was doing it; there was no point in maintaining Victorian modesty. Still, Mother Nature was respected as *the* standard of excellence. Just a few years later, however, the campaign began subtly, and the quality of her flavors was to be cast in doubt, maybe forever.

I first suspected foul play when, in the journals of the same companies that only ten years earlier were eating humble pie, I found whole articles devoted to character assassination. A pear, for exam-

ple, is described as "temperamental, demanding to be picked while it hangs still imperfectly colored upon the tree"; otherwise it is "tasteless and gritty." No such problems with *synthetic* pear flavor.

Then the digs began to appear in ads. "Mother Nature is fickle," one says. "Profuse with her blessings one day, then turns on a flood, drought or blight the next." Why put up with these humiliations when a constant synthetic can give you "flavor that nature envies"? Another company points out that its artificial tomato flavors don't "leak, bruise or take up space." Above the comment is a picture of some fat, dented, overripe tomatoes made by you-know-who.

You see, nature only reminds of Eden, synthetic flavors actually bring it to you. No death, no change, no fickleness. So if you want "foreign particles, shell fragments, molds, off-flavors and shriveled pieces"—go ahead, eat real nuts instead of new nutmeat substitutes that come in four flavors: pecan, black walnut, English walnut and almond.

In fact, the very idea of eating certain of nature's creations is enough to make you shudder. A recent IFF annual report warns its shareholders that "natural foods" are "a wild mixture of substances created by plants and organisms for completely different nonfood purposes—their survival and reproduction," and that they "came to be consumed by humans at their own risk." W. C. Fields was more succinct—"Don't drink the water, fish fuck in it."

Although flavorists have become instruments of the industry's Faustian ambitions, they are themselves very likable characters, still in love with their work and driven by their own gentler ambitions.

"My cherry flavor is better than the natural, and without a single cocoa bean I make a chocolate flavor, so exquisite, so beautiful. . . ." As Shlomo Reiss speaks, his wife, sitting next to him, watches him admiringly, nodding occasionally at me as if to reassure me that, as incredible as it seems, what he says is true.

Chief and only senior flavorist at Ungerer & Co.'s labs in New Jersey, Mr. Reiss began his career 40 years ago at the age of 15. His appealing accent derives from German, Polish and Ukranian, the languages of his childhood.

"When I can go back to the bottle that has, say, my raspberry flavor in it—my raspberry is perfect—when I can go back to the bottle, sniff the flavor, taste it and honestly say, 'Ah, *this* is beautiful,' the pleasure at that moment is. . . ." Mr. Reiss pauses, looking out ahead of him, imagining, then continues. ". . .It is indescribable." Mrs. Reiss nods.

Since the time I met my first flavorist, I had been wondering how the Grecian urn existence they lead on the job might affect them. What happens to creators when they descend from the land of perfect raspberries to the coarser, shadowy place where we live and eat? Do they suffer for artistic hubris? Until I spoke with the Reisses, I got only abstract, noncommittal comments: "Well, my wife says I'm difficult to live with, so I guess I must be"; or, "You know, with an artistic job, you don't have much free time."

When I asked Mr. Reiss if his job had any unexpected effect on his life, this time his wife nodded *before* he spoke. "I used to enjoy eating everything, but shortly after I started working, I began to criticize and reject all kinds of food. Nothing seemed good enough, and if the taste was not exactly as I thought it should be, I just wouldn't eat it."

"I had to learn not to cry," Mrs. Reiss said matter-of-factly. "I would make something special—it could have taken me hours—and then he would come home, sniff it and if it was not to his liking he wouldn't touch it. No discussion; he just wouldn't touch it."

"My cherry flavor is better than the natural, and my raspberry is perfect. . . ."

Since this apparently happened several times a week, I wondered how Mr. Reiss had survived all these years. When I mentioned this, they looked at each other for a moment, resigned and affectionate, and then Mr. Reiss' eyes glazed over, trance-like, and in a devout tone only equaled when he talks about his indescribable flavors, he said, "The best dish that can only be," his eyes brighten another degree, "rye bread—fresh from the bakery."

Mrs. Reiss smiled at me, nodding, but with a slight nervous restraint, as if she's known him to eulogize for hours.

"With butter—while it's still hot, just baked, ahhh, or with a clove of garlic. . . . Have you ever tried it that way? Or even plain, as long as it's still warm. . . ."

Several minutes later Mrs. Reiss speaks. "Now if he doesn't like what I make, I just let him eat his rye bread and I don't get too upset."

The Reisses' friends can't afford to get upset either. When Mr. Reiss comes to dinner, the first thing the hostess does is to pass the plate of food in front of his nose, and if he shakes his head no, she removes the plate and says not a word. Mrs. Reiss insists that they have not lost any friends over food. "He has such a good sense of humor, so he tells jokes while they eat to compensate."

"It's time to come back to natural flavor. Remember the real taste of luscious golden apricots or ripe juicy pineapples? Your customers do—And they are asking for real flavor. They want ingredients that are natural."

Ralph Nader breaking into the flavor biz?

The *National Enquirer* of the food industry?

It's actually from an ad by H. Kohnstamm & Co. in a 1972 issue of *Food Technology*, amidst rave reviews of artificial breakthroughs and articles warning against natural foods.

Flavor people are furious at the big food manufacturers for trying to capitalize on consumer and health food movements. "Instead of using their advertising power to assure people that there is nothing unsafe about artificial food additives, they come out with their own line of natural cereals and what-have-you. It's bound to make people wonder what's wrong with the other 80 percent of their food," one flavor researcher complained.

They are furious, but since they are not at the top of the food chain, survival means catering to the food manufacturing monopolies. So flavor companies now are pushing their natural flavors, as well as synthetic, hoping the ill wind will soon blow over.

If it doesn't, it could be the flavorist who suffers most, since his work is most dependent on the use of synthetic materials. Asking a great flavorist to create natural flavors is like asking a great painter to paint by number.

"They're no fun, no challenge. Making a natural flavor is basically an engineering job," one creative flavorist said.

Most flavor people try to downplay the force of the natural counter-revolution and to appear confident and unthreatened.

"Lower- and middle-class Americans—they're the main market for artificially flavored products, and they couldn't give a damn if a package says 'artificial' or 'natural.' " But apparently, the dam has already given. The industry's paranoia and fear of unfavorable public judgment are phenomenal.

To gain entry to some companies I

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LICHTMAN

A chemical feast: Graced by an artificial flower, this breakfast features Morning Star Farms breakfast links, Jiffy muffins with artificial blueberries (moistened with Imperial margarine), a General Mills Breakfast Square and a Fleischmann's Egg Beaters omelette. It's all washed down with a glass of Tang orange drink and a cup of General Foods Cafe Francais with artificial chocolate.

had to go through a long clearance process, which involved speaking and writing to several people assuring them that my objective was not to stir the fires of the artificial-natural debate (which, in fact, it wasn't). At a few industrial fortresses, when I finally arrived, I was asked outright if I was a vegetarian, if I bought health foods, if I was a friend of Ralph Nader's. It got to the point where, if someone walked toward me, I expected to be frisked for sunflower seeds.

There seemed to be no way *not* to stir fires.

I called an executive at IFF to ask about "mouthfeel," and the first thing he said was, "I hope you're going to make it clear to everyone that this desire for 'natural' foods (pronounce 'natural' with a sneer on the first syllable) is downright stupid."

I innocently asked a flavorist what percent of raw materials used today is synthetic and what percent is natural. Immediately he started in: "First, let's get one thing straight—there is nothing bad about synthetic food additives. We are all made of chemicals, and all our food is made of chemicals. This 'no artificial anything,' 'no chemicals used' business is absolutely ridiculous. Let's face it—a chemical is a chemical is a chemical."

During lunch with three flavorists, one of them mentioned something about a flavorist getting ulcers. Quickly a second followed with, "If some of us do get ulcers, I can assure you it's only because of the tension involved every day in our work. The chemicals we work with are ABSOLUTELY safe. Every single one of them is on the government's GRAS list. G-R-A-S. Generally Recognized As Safe."

So what's everyone getting so upset about?

To its critics, the Generally Recognized As Safe (GRAS) list is generally recognized as suspect. Created in 1958 as part of the Food Additives Amendment, all substances listed on it have the privilege of unrestricted use in foods.

James Turner, author of *The Chemical Feast* (Ralph Nader's Study Group Report on the FDA), offers evidence that many of the substances have yet to be proved safe, that the FDA composed the list haphazardly, neglecting the stipulations it had itself set up. From what many critics say, it seems that some GRAS-listed chemicals should already have been sent to Flavomatic Heaven, by way of the Delaney Clause. (This clause, also part of the 1958 Food Additives Amendment, requires the banning of any additive that causes cancer when ingested by animal or man.) Other GRAS or regulated additives (the latter allowed in food only in certain specified amounts) may, critics fear, be teratogenic (causing birth defects) or mutagenic (causing gene damage). Even though these additives are used at very low levels in food, the argument is that cancer and mutagenesis are more likely to be caused by long-range daily exposure to tiny amounts of hazardous substances than by single or occasional large doses.

Dangerous chemicals remain in our food, critics say, because the various food industries supervise the FDA rather than vice-versa, as it should be. In the case of the flavor industry, its powerful lobbying force in Washington, the Flavor and Extract Manufacturing Association (FEMA), has had its own GRAS list since 1961. It now lists 1,476 substances, over 300 of which are not on the FDA list. The FEMA list is subject to FDA scrutiny but apparently is not often subjected to this scrutiny. According to one FDA official, decisions abut flavoring additives are left pretty much up to the FEMA's hand-picked, high-paid panel of experts. "There are only one or two people on our [FDA] staff who are involved with the flavor industry," he said.

One of industry's main defenses against its critics is the benefit-risk concept. One flavorist asked indignantly, "How can people expect us to ward off starvation in this world [by trying to flavor algae, bacteria, manure and other cheap but unpalatable sources of protein] and yet expect that everthing we use will be 100 percent safe 100 percent of the time?"

Flavorists present themselves as live evidence of the safety of the chemicals they use. "Look at me," one said. "Before all the regulations came about, I used to taste every single compound that came into the fragrance or the flavor division to see if it could be used in a flavor, and I'm fine."

The various pacts and sects, the ins and outs of chemicals on the GRAS list—these are, in the long run, of little consequence to the flavorist sitting at his console, taking upon himself the

Barnyard tastes

Flavorists have to meet the demands of the farm population: horses prefer fruit notes in their feed; cows would rather have a cocoa-y flavor spruced with "milk and wintergreen notes"; and chickens go for a "smoky note."

Dogs know what they want: putrid "dead fish notes" with an aroma so strong they could roll in it. But their masters make satisfying dogs one of the flavorists' greatest, still unfulfilled challenges. They are working on a way to include these notes along with some other ingredient that would mask their offensiveness to human nostrils.

A flavor for dog food is tested by as many as 150 panelists before it goes to a dog-food manufacturer. Over a period of several days, each dog is given two bowls of food—one flavored, one unflavored—and about a half-hour to eat. After that, what remains in each bowl, and on the floor around it, is collected and put into two separate bags. These are then weighed, the lightest bag indicating the food of the dog's choice.

The greatest pitfall in these tests is "paw prejudice." Some dogs are either right- or left-pawed and may lunge indiscriminately for the bowl placed on their favored side, regardless of the dignity of the test situation. To compensate, tests are conducted over an even number of days, the position of the bowls being switched each day so that results are objective.

All breeds have equally discriminating tastes—except beagles. "They'll eat whatever is put in front of them—you can't learn anything from a beagle," one researcher said. —**R.R.**

mysteries of flavor. It is just the Third Day of artificial flavor creation—a long time before the creators rest, or are laid to rest by their critics. And tremendous forces, favorable to continuing creation, have aligned.

Food manufacturers now spend more for artificial flavoring than for any other group of synthetic food additives (including preservatives, stabilizers, colors, thickeners, antioxidants, etc.). The sales value of food, beverages and tobacco containing synthetic flavors, in the U.S. alone, is close to $80 billion per year. (This is a conservative estimate based on figures obtained from IFF.) Unless you religiously buy all your food from health food stores or raise it yourself, and unless you refrain from smoking and from drinking most liqueurs, fruit brandies and even some wines, you have assimilated the gospel of the new artificial order.

Synthetic flavors have created desires that they alone can fulfill. Take vanilla: if high cost were not a problem and we could have all the vanilla grown in the world, it would not be enough to satisfy the vanilla-cravings of Americans.

As an increasing number of Mother Nature's flavors fade from the marketplace because of high cost or scarcity, flavor companies are not waiting to see if we can wean ourselves and do without, or with less of them. They have already come up with addictive new flavor archetypes that will reign even if nature's become more accessible again. One company touts a cherry flavor that is typical of "neither the raw nor the processed cherry, nor of any special variety of cherries." This kind of flavor may be the key to addiction—"If you can't pin it down, you won't put it down," I was told.

Some flavorists look forward gleefully to the gradual elimination of their major competition. "In 20 years," one said, "I'll bet you that only 5 percent of the people will have tasted fresh strawberry, so whether we like it or not, we people in the flavor industry will really be defining what the next generation thinks is strawberry. And the same goes for a lot of other foods that will soon be out of the average consumer's reach." Under the guise of democratizing taste experiences—making everything available to everyone—the flavor industry will dictate more and more eating habits that can only be supported by its artificial flavors.

"In 20 years, I'll bet you that only 5 percent of the people will have tasted fresh strawberry, so we people in the flavor industry will be redefining what the next generation thinks is strawberry"

Americans have the most "educated" tastes so far, but people in nearly every country of the world are being gradually mouthwashed. Firmenich, Inc. in Princeton, N.J. (known in the industry for its fruit and peanut butter flavors), has over 90 companies and agencies worldwide. In 1972, 60 percent of IFF's sales were outside the U. S.; 75 percent is projected for 1982. They have discovered a great market in countries where the economic outlook is bleakest. An IFF executive cheerfully reports that "the poorer the malnutritioned are, the more likely they are to spend a disproportionate amount of whatever they have. . . on some simple luxury," like a flavored drink or smoke.

They call it the "Titanic Syndrome." If the boat is going down, you blow all your money on what seems most attractive at the moment. Also, lax or nonexistent food additive and labeling laws in many of these countries make it very easy on the flavor company.

While flavorists study the food preferences of poorer cultures so they can create seductive flavors for their last "rites," they positively confront the problem of starvation by trying to flavor inexpensive protein sources with the tastes each population is used to.

"What we want to do is get the chicken feathers back to the chickens," an IFFer told me. It sounded like a quote from a sequel to *Animal Farm* until he explained. Flavorists are working on a flavor to be added to recycled chicken feathers (very high in protein) so that they can be used as animal feed, leaving the grain for people.

Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. discovered a few years ago that a very nutritious strain of yeast grows magically on discarded rubber tires. (Enter: deus ex flavor company to make the yeast taste good.)

The roles that the flavorist may be called on to play in the next several decades are limitless. Each idea being researched now holds in itself incredible possibilities. Like the idea that the fetus is sensitive to the flavor of the amniotic fluid. When your great-grandchild is born, the type of flavoring given to his mother may be marked on his birth certificate along with his sex and blood type; e.g., Boysenberry L-243, Library of Monsanto No. 591, 2219. Later in life, if the child has problems that a large chocolate-flavored ice cream soda won't solve, rather than submit himself to the psychoanalytical cult leaders of his time, he will simply go to one of many buildings filled with warm padded rooms, pay a single fee and enter the room filled with Boysenberry L-243 aroma for instant return to the womb. ●

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PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL ZUZOMER

PLAY IT AGAIN TOM

By Robert Ward

Scat-singing, dice-rolling, song-writing Tom Waits is on the road in his '55 Cadoo. And in his suitcase of songs are the ghostly tunes of old cocktail piano players and the jazz riffs of Beat poets

Tom Waits is crushed. The eclectic singer/musician is sitting in the stale-aired dressing room of the Unicorn Club in Ithaca, New York, and he can feel the whole damned room pressing in on him. He's tired and his mouth is dry, in spite of the Heineken brought to him by the nice waitress in the black tights. He's feeling spaced and dizzy, and he's coughing like a 70-year-old wino stevedore down for the last stroke. Frank Vacari, Waits' tenor man, and Chip White, the young Cherokee drummer who is always awake and excited, and Dr. Fitzgeralde Huntington III, the bassist, are bopping about the little cell of a room like a trio of mad bats. Waits is watching them from between two fingers he has pressed over his eyes, watching them as if he were staring through Venetian blinds in the potted palm lobby of some cheap hotel. Is this what stardom is all about? Is this all there is? Is this like "anywhere"?

Waits' road manager, John Frenchette, introduces me to the band and Tom Waits, Asylum's new big hope, a cult figure for the seventies. Little and savvy and street-tough. Like Springsteen, he oozes punkdom, but a slightly different brand. Literate, intelligent, Waits is musically influenced by old cocktail singers like Mose Allison, eloquent songwriters of the forties like Johnny Mercer ("One For My Baby and One More For the Road") and swing blues masters like Count Basie. He also manages to sound like Dave Van Ronk (the gruffest street-voice Jack, whoa), Louie Armstrong and Frank Sinatra (catch Waits' song "Drunk on the Moon").

Waits stares up at me and nods his head.

"How you doing?" I say, gazing at this skinny little multi-voiced, multi-selved and multi-talented 27-year-old jive artist.

Waits looks at me again, one eyeball opening.

"I'm a success," he says. "Success without college. Driving 12 hours, the bus breaks down. . . ." He shakes his head, and his rakish po' boy cap falls over his closed eye.

"Where did you break down?"

"By the side of the road. By the side of the road. Always by the side of the road. . . the side. . . ."

Waits is scat-singing, scratching his crotch, still sitting slumped like the last Korean War vet left in the V.A. hospital. Twenty-seven going on 52.

"I was hoping we could talk."

"Yeah, great. . . in between shows. Just remember, I'm a rumor in my own time. Or is it a tumor in my own brain."

Waits smiles and shuts his eyes.

I wonder if there will be a show. The kid looks too small, too weak, too anemic to get up on a stage; what he needs are urgent glucose shots, not a three-hour two-set gig.

The lights go down and the band members stroll onstage. Not jumping like the Stones, not strutting confidently like The E Street Band, but as if they were out for a walk on a breezy, lazy afternoon. And then the spot is down, and then, and then. . . . Tom Waits is bopping out front while Frank Vacari, who says he used to "like blow with Maynard, Woody, Diz and Prez, you know what I mean, Joe," very coolly puts the reed into his mouth and sucks in air, his greying electric Afro standing on end. A cool breeze of sound wafts across the spacious wood-paneled hall.

In Waits' hand is this old suitcase with its fashionable travel stickers fashionably half torn off. The kid is almost as beat looking as he was in the dressing room, with his belt sort of crooked, his brown tie so cheap it glistens and his threadbare black sport coat, also glistening. CHEAP, baby. This boy is a Bible salesman on a cheap shot to nowhere. At least that's the bit, and it all depends on whether this fellow with a half-assed scraggly beard can put it across.

Waits stands at the mike and goes into a little soliloquy. Behind him the bass player is uprighting right along, so very coooool, Jim, so very fine, Jack—boomboomboomboom, whapwhapwhapwhap—and Waits is snapping his fingers and popping his body in time with the beat. That scrawny, wasted, pasted, sparrow-boned body jerks and moves, and the crowd sits there looking at one another, and then Waits starts in with his lines, half-talking, half-singing, sounding like Louie Satchmo, like Dave Van Ronk—like Tom Waits.

"We been on the road."

"Boomboomboomboom!"

"We been on the road so long, man, you get home and everything in your refrigerator looks like a science project."

"Boomboomboomboom!"

The bass player is smiling, the tenor man aloof and blowing.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL ZLOZOWER

"It's good to be busy."

"Boomboomboomboomboom!!"

"It's good to be busy, and we been busier than a pair of jumper cables at a Puerto Rican wedding, Jack. You know baby, ahooooo."

"Boomboomboomboom."

And the sax man does his thing.

"Wah oh wah oh."

And it's a bit like sitting in Birdland listening to Prez and Diz and Bird blow, baby, while outside it's drizzling muck and 15 dudes with runny junkie noses and trench coats slouch next to the big doors with the stars' 8 x 10 glossies slapped on them.

The lights go down and the band goes into "High on the Moon," a soft, lyrical ballad. Waits plays his piano, and while this isn't Thelonius Monk, it's not pedestrian either. Nice touch, nice feel, nice pace, very nice all around. But Waits' real forte is words. The man can write lyrics:

Tight clad slack girls
On the graveyard shift
'Neath the cement stroll
Catch the midnight drift
Cigar chewin' Charlies
In their newspaper nests
Grifting hot horse tips
On who's running the best

And I'm blinded by the moon
Don't try to change my tune
I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon.

On the word "saxophone" Frank Vacari blows, man, and Waits shuts his eyes and rocks back and forth, and the listener's transported right out of the room to Rick's Cafe where Sam is hunched over the piano, the cocktail man, urbane and chic and beautifully ruined.

The music calls forth a vision found in movies of the forties and fifties. It's a vision of all-night talks among would-be novelists and poets in New York cafeterias, of lonely World War II sailors standing out on Front Street hoping for love but settling for a pint of rot-gut rye and a flophouse floozy—the stuff mined by novelists like Nelson Algren, directors like Elia Kazan. And yet, that's not all there is to Waits' music. He takes the mythic American loser/hero—the cocktail piano player, the wise-assed smacked-around rogue who plays the nags and loses the winning ticket—and infuses the figure with new life, in a style that is at once nostalgic and completely contemporary.

Of course, everyone doesn't think so. In *Rolling Stone* and other journals, Waits has been given a bad rap because he likes to do scat songs, because, with near free-verse poem-songs like "The Ghosts of Saturday Night," he is consciously reviving the old Beat poet-jazzman's collaborations. It's true that hearing those tunes makes one think of Gregory Corso or Allen Ginsberg reading their poetry while Philly Jo Jones lay down some drums and maybe Gerry Mulligan blew sax; but why should anyone criticize Waits for wanting to revive that form? The question, after all, isn't whether it's NEWNEWNEW but if it's authentic. And Waits' music *is* authentic.

In his Unicorn performance, Waits' version of "The Ghosts of Saturday Night" and a long talking number that appears on his new album, *Nighthawks at the Diner*, are superb. The jazzmen obviously love the kid. They play in perfect sync with him, and as he sweats and shakes and lets the words fly, there is a moment when the stage is magical, spinning not out of control but pleasantly and beautifully like a great patched-up lyrical balloon.

The solitary sailor who spends the
facts of his life like small change on
strangers, pauses in a peacoat jacket
for a welcome twenty-five cents,
and a last bent butt of a package
of Kents
As he dreams of a waitress
With Maxwell House eyes
With marmalade thighs
And scrambled yellow hair. . . .

Great wordplay and great energy combined perfectly with the sax and bass create a hypnotic, joyous floating sensation. Waits has an advantage over his Beat predecessors, because he is *first* a songwriter. He makes the words and music fit. The Beats, in spite of their claims to spontaneity, had very little feel for words put to music. For the music of language, *yes*, but one or two listens to any of the old Beat-jazz combos tell you that Tom Waits is not merely cashing in on nostalgia. He is improving on the form.

Tom Waits cruises through his first set and bops off to the dressing room. When I enter to say hello he is shaking his head:

"Where are we?"

The voice is gruff and strangely mannered, as if Waits were in practice for old age. One feels it cannot be his natural voice at all.

"You're in Ithaca, Tom," someone says.

"Good, just wanted to make sure. Was anybody out there?"

"They liked you, Tom."

Waits smiles and shakes his head.

"No, they didn't, man. They didn't know where I was coming from. They only laughed when I got dirty."

Frank Vacari ambles back and sits down next to Waits. In the tradition of the coolest "bebop" musicians, he is "under control."

"It was like an oil painting out there," he says hoarsely.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL S. GORDON

Onstage, when things are popping, Waits sounds like Satchmo, Sinatra, Van Ronk.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK PULIN

Offstage, with Bette Midler, Waits looks for all the world like a boozy leprechaun.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL S. GORDON

"Not that bad," says manager John Frenchette.

"They didn't understand where I was coming from," Waits says. "Reminds me of Mose Allison. He's great, right? But he just got dropped from his label at Atlantic because people couldn't put an easy tag on him. Well, he's not a blues singer, exactly, and he's not a piano player, exactly. And he's not really progressive jazz, exactly, and he's not pop. So they get nervous and drop him."

Waits shakes his head, curls his feet under him and looks for all the world like a boozy leprechaun.

I sit down, accept a smoke and we talk.

"I started listening to music at a very young age," Waits says. "In fact, I was born at a very young age."

He smiles, nods his head and furrows his brow.

"Very young—and it was like George and Ira Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Cab Calloway and the old Nat King Cole Trio—I always liked that sort of trio sound."

"Some critics I've read put you down for being part of the nostalgia market."

Waits shakes his head again.

"I remember that interview in *Rolling Stone*. It's okay. The guy who wrote it has two broken arms now. Of course, I had nothing to do with it. I can verify my whereabouts every moment of the night and day. But, really, that article's not fair. I like this style of song. I dug the old songs by Johnny Mercer. I always played them. But I do other stuff, too.

"Take a song like 'Ole 55.' That's not just nostalgic. I *drive* a '55 Cadillac. That's the car I've always driven. It has nothing to do with nostalgia. That's why I never do any oldies. You can't improve on 'Minnie the Moocher.' Cab Calloway did it best. I'm not going to do anything old until I think I can do it better. I'm not at all into the musical retread tire scene,

Waits may be 27, but he is a natural bebopper: "I slept right through the sixties," he claims

like, say The Manhattan Transfer or The Pointer Sisters. They're just ripping off the past."

I ask Waits about his use of jokes.

"Well, jokes loosen everyone up. That was what was disappointing about them out there tonight. They only related to my crotch jokes. You bring them out if nothing else is going over. Hell, I like jokes, and I even like hecklers. . . they get things cooking sometimes. If somebody is screaming at you, you can say, 'Say, mister, are you married?' He says yes. And then you ask him if he has a picture of his wife, and if he says no, you say, 'Well, would you like one?' and reach for your wallet. Something like that reminds you you're in a club. I love the glasses tinkling, the lights, the whole scene. I don't like it if there's just the *arteest* and the audience."

Waits smiles, puts out his cigarette on his prop suitcase and winks. A young boy comes into the dressing room and introduces himself as the brother of another musician. Waits is delighted.

"Sure, I remember you. What's happening with Bill? We were on the road together in Buffalo and I talked him into getting tattooed."

"Let's see yours," the kid says.

"Naw, not right now," Tom replies. "I'd have to undress. It's across my shoulders and chest. An American eagle, though with this body it looks more like a robin."

The band breaks up, and Waits is rambling again.

"Got a bad taste in my mouth. I been drinking anything, man. Sucking on cleaning products, slurping down Janitor In A Drum."

I ask him if his lyrics are influenced by the books he reads.

"Yeah, well, I was always a reader. That makes me a little different, I guess. I love Nelson Algren's work, and I love Charles Bukowski, the poet. He has this new novel out, *Factotum*, and it's terrific. Talks about all the lousy jobs he had to take to be a poet. Lemme see. Oh yeah, I like John Rechy: *City of Night, Numbers* and *The Fourth Angel*. Rechy is writing a script based on *City of Night* and I might get involved doing the music. He's another one who was never fairly appreciated.

A student reporter with an oversized notebook comes in, sits at Waits' feet and asks Tom where he got his first break.

"My first break was a set of disc brakes," Waits says. "No, really, I started out playing a country club in Los Angeles. The golfers would come in wearing their doubleknits and saying stuff like, 'Uh, got me a 22 handicap and shot a double birdie on the rise, er ahhhhh,' and I'd be over there in the sand trap piano bar trying to play original tunes. I lasted one night, and made ten bucks because one lady asked me to play "Stardust," which I happened to know. A bad start. I slept a lot after that. Slept right through the sixties. Never went through an identity crisis, never had no Jimi Hendrix posters on the wall, never ate granola, never had any incense. I was like a lion ready to pounce on the music scene, but I ended up being a short-order cook and

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janitor in San Diego. . . good day job, real steady. . . sweeping every day, just lucky, I guess."

"Do you get depressed when people misunderstand your music?" I ask.

"Well, no, if you mean do they have to know my musical traditions. No. Music, thank God, ain't school. There are no prerequisites. You either get it or you don't. Last night they loved us in Willimantic, Connecticut. I guess the people around here must be into the Blue Oyster Cult."

As he continues it becomes clear that, like all good monologuists, he is really talking to himself, working out which riffs to use onstage, sorting through a mental junkpile for the right lines. Waits is a natural wordman and everything about him—his taste in literature included—stems from the forties. But he admires some of his contemporaries in the rock scene, particularly those who emphasize lyrics.

"I like Martin Mull. I like his whole bit with the easy chair, and I like his music. He's an ex-teacher. I have some of that in my family—my father teaches Spanish at a high school. Bonnie Raitt, Jerry Jeff Walker, Guy Clark. . . all good songwriters. The song is very important, and I don't relate at all to disco, which is barely music. I'm not out to get on the stage and be a spectacle; it's the work that's important."

Another student comes in and stares at Waits adoringly.

"Is your life different now?" the kid asks earnestly. "I mean since you had a hit record."

"Which one you talkin' about, son?" Waits says in a perfect Southern accent. "The last album, *Nighthawks*, was booming along the charts and it got to 169, and then I got real excited when it hit 200 until someone told me it was supposed to be going the other way."

Waits smiles and curls up in his chair. He's loose and enjoying himself, yet he looks as though he's going to collapse.

The waitress, a nice girl who says she is an anthropology major, comes in and gives Waits a beer. He offers to shoot her craps for the tip, and she blushes when he starts juggling a pair of dice.

Waits springs up and rolls the red dice on her serving tray.

"Seven," he says. "You lose."

Quickly he fishes in his pocket and gives her a dollar.

"Just a *lit-el* joke, love," he says in a perfect Mayfair accent. "You know, we are taking the whole bloody band on a trip to the continent. Going to be staying at mother's summer place. A modest palace, merely one and a half turrets."

The band breaks up again and peeps out the door.

"Big crowd," says Vacari.

"Yeah," Waits says, "we'll give Ithaca one more chance."

Outside, the crowd *is* bigger than before, and a lot drunker. There are Cornell and Ithaca college students, and some older people, many of them the type of mustachioed men who may have once dug Oscar Peterson, bebop and the cool piano voice of Hoagie.

This time when the band appears there is a good round of applause, and when Tom Waits bops onstage there is shouting and laughing.

"Uhhh, I say, it's been cold on the road," Waits says, the bass starting behind him. "Colder than a Jewish American princess on her wedding night. Colder than a flat frog on a Philadelphia highway on the fourth of February. Cold, uhhh. . . ."

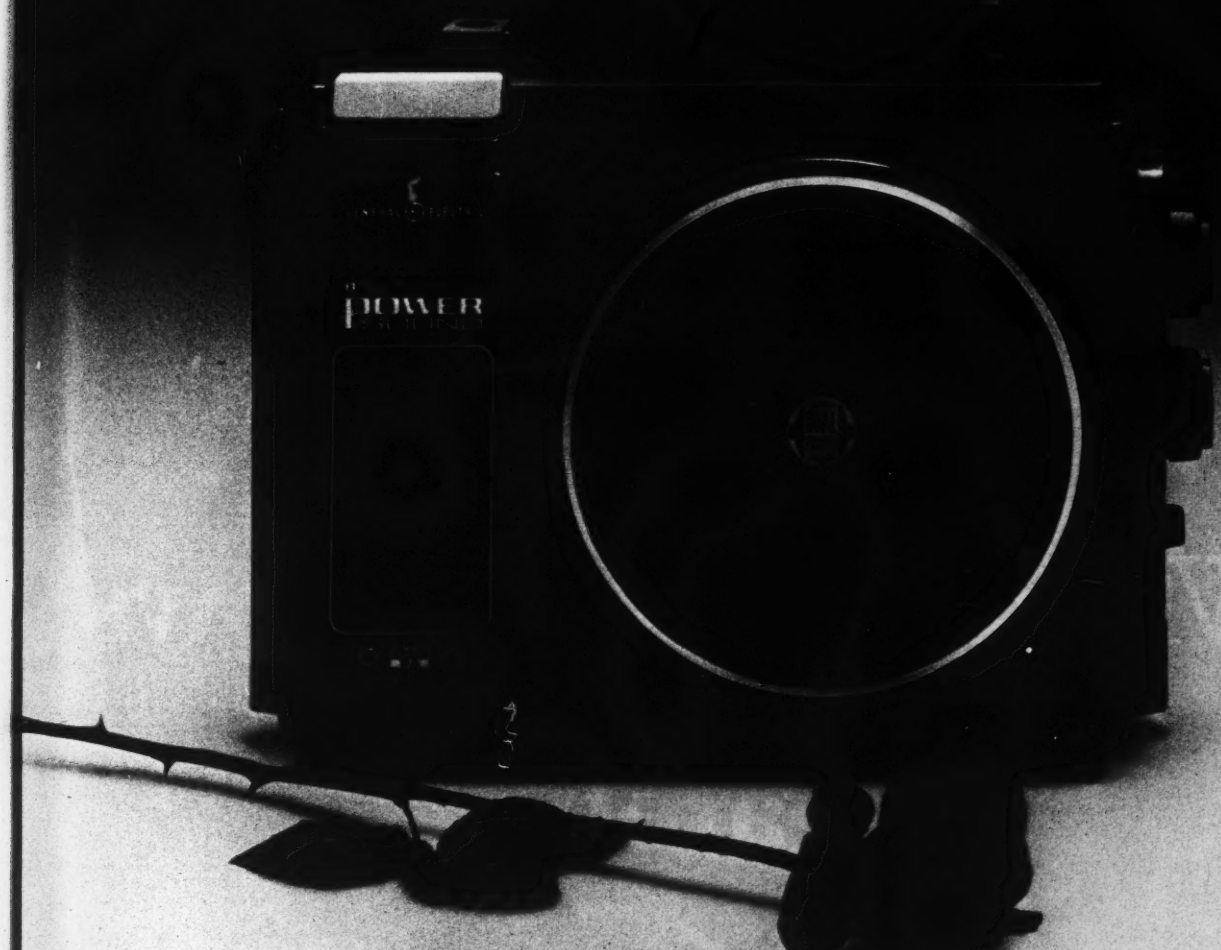
He pulls up his coat collar, reaches into his pocket for a Heineken, lights up a cigarette and gets the fingers snapping. . . and this time the audience is with him. Next to me a couple of young guys start laughing, slapping hands, snapping their fingers.

"Oooooh, that wind, ole Mr. Nighthawk," Waits growls. "It comes up to me and says, 'Waits, you got to move, boy,' and the moon, the moon is rising out of a manhole cover and we. . . we talk on a reg-u-lar basis."

And the crowd is starting to yell a little, like in the old days of fifties jazz.

"Yeah, yeah and go," and Waits' body, tired and small, is suddenly transformed, and he looks like the roughest, wiriest newsstand boy on the block, and he's cutting into his late-night flying freeway song, and the boys behind him are smiling and leaning into it, and it all keeps coming on through the night, one good tune after another, and when he tries to leave his fans are on their feet cheering and screaming, so he's back, doing up "The Heart of Saturday Night," and we are all out there in the audience rooting for him because he's made the leap over the edge. He's not a nostalgia hype and he's not a mere cocktail singer. The audience's enthusiasm and his own radiant, wiggy energy have fused and he has become fully himself. And there's a lot there, a lot to Tom Waits. If he has any luck at all, and if the audiences catch up with him, he's soon going to be the front-liner wherever he plays. He's got one vote here, dads, 'cause Tom Waits is. . . if you can dig my drift, Charlie. . . ah, like copacetic! ●

If music be the food of love, it pays to have a Loudmouth.



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Movies

Star quantity

By Richard Corliss

There are ultimate questions that pertain to the art of the cinema, and Marlon Brando's bulk or Elizabeth Taylor's triple chin should probably not be among them. But the way movie stars look—how they age, lose their early beauty and become more like us—has a lot to do with the immediate film experience. If Hollywood actors aren't quite saints, they're at least important icons. And, just as you can see the Church's image of Christ being romanticized and domesticated in the increasingly voluptuous paintings of Jesus over the last 700 years, so you can see something of America's changing self-image in the aging, falling faces of its great stars. The best-looking and most graceful Hollywood icon, Cary Grant, hasn't made a movie in ten years; and our most gorgeous new star, Robert Redford, has warts. As for Brando, his Mack-truck spare tire makes it almost inevitable that his new movie role should be a bloated parody of his early, anti-heroic—but very heroic—movie self. Maybe it's not a symptom of national decline that Brando now looks less like a Roman god's statue and more like a deranged buddha, but it's something more than just a matter of fat.

The Missouri Breaks can use some of Brando's moral weight. Like so many new movies, it's an anthology of many old movies, a tossed salad of western conventions. But this film's camera-eye turns the stereotypes upside down to give us a clearer picture: the rustlers are the good guys, the homesteaders the baddies; the punk gang-leader (Jack Nicholson) is the hero, the tenacious old gunfighter (Brando) the villain. By now, of course, these anarchic tendencies have congealed into the conventions of the New Western. Indeed, *The Missouri Breaks* is a big-budget, blood-and-guts version of the plot of *Rancho Deluxe*, an earlier script by novelist-screenwriter-outlaw Tom McGuane. Again McGuane has thrown a passel of street-smart urban types (Nicholson and his gang) out on the Montana range to fend, ineptly, for themselves. Again we're asked to sympathize with the rustlers' hyperactive high spirits, and to see the patriarchal ranch boss as a figure of both fun and fascism.

Nicholson as rustler and Brando as hired gun in *The Missouri Breaks*, a tossed salad of western conventions with a few upside-down stereotypes.

McGuane's prose and pose are that of a stoned, baroque Hemingway; and every McGuane movie (this is the third he's written) has a couple of off-the-wall throwaway lines that are destined to outlive their context. (In *The Missouri Breaks:* "I'm gonna go home and shovel steer manure on the pansies" and "The closer you get to Canada, the more things'll eat your horses.") A lot of the film is enjoyably dopey; a little bit is better than that. There's an engaging courtship sequence between Nicholson and the rancher's daughter (Kathleen Lloyd) that functions as a hip gloss on Vera Miles' seduction of Jeffrey Hunter in John Ford's great western *The Searchers*. But McGuane's studied funkiness is a hard thing to make narrative sense of in the movies; it often comes across as both precious and aimless. And so *The Missouri Breaks* lurches from one tone to another, from raunchy slapstick to revenge melodrama, with little of the formal control or erotic tension you'd expect from director Arthur Penn. It's a movie that looks as if it was a lot more fun to make than to sit through.

What gives *The Missouri Breaks* its only poignance is the specter of Brando in decay. His character begins as a comic grotesque and develops into a charming psychopath. The most electrically sexy star of the last 25 years has renounced all sins of the flesh except gluttony. It's the kind of part Orson Welles has played and overplayed, and for most of the movie Brando seems willing to piss away his great gifts on a Richard Harris impression, brogue and all. But every once in a while he'll pull off a uniquely audacious bit (like a love scene with his horse that involves a carrot as an edible fetish). And there's one sequence with Nicholson in which Brando's character and persona, his acting genius and star quality, blend to create an eerily moving frisson.

Nicholson, bent on murderous retribution, surprises Brando weltering in his bath (a tub in a tub) and tells the "fat old man" he's about to be killed. Brando begins cooing masochistically, ready to embrace death, and turns his back on Nicholson. It's quite a target, that huge, downy slab of white meat. If the scene is both tragic (Brando as Ahab) and pathetic (Brando as Moby Dick), it's less because of the situation than because of our shock in seeing our idealized Brando—the divine brute of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *On the Waterfront*—as a corpulent cadaver. That's what's moving; what's eerie is that we know Brando knows what we're

thinking and has dared to use that knowledge to turn our nostalgic dreams against themselves, to comment on our disappointment in the actor's inability to freeze himself in time, in our image of his youthful, muscular, threatening beauty. "Everybody grows old and goes flabby," Brando is saying, "even movie stars. Even your dreams."

Elizabeth Taylor doesn't grow old, she grows out. As Light, an allegorical (and inaptly named) character in **The Blue Bird,** Miss Taylor tells the movie's child stars that they can find her in "every spreading sunbeam," and one thinks vile thoughts. Miss Taylor was always an anomaly: a great star and a lousy actress, an aristocratic beauty with a fishwife's voice. Now her star has fallen (*The Driver's Seat,* her last film, wasn't even released in the U.S.), her beauty is gone and her uneasy British accent only emphasizes her old shrillness. So what's she doing, decked out in silk and spangles that make her look like Dolly Parton's fairy godmother, in this preposterous adaptation of the old Maeterlinck fantasy? What's Jane Fonda doing imitating the Dragon Lady? Why did George Cukor, with so many stylish films to his credit, agree to direct it? And whose idea was it to make *The Blue Bird* the first major U.S.-Soviet coproduction? This sort of disaster could have serious international repercussions. In fact, I'll bet Gerald Ford saw an early screening of *The Blue Bird* just before deciding to eliminate "détente" from his vocabulary.

The vitality of the hoariest Hollywood conventions—at least as fodder for affectionate satire—is demonstrated in **The Rocky Horror Picture Show.** In its stage incarnation, Richard O'Brien's *The Rocky Horror Show* was a horror-movie, rock 'n' roll, drag-revue pastiche about two sweet teenage kids, Brad Majors and Janet Weiss, whose jalopy breaks down just outside Dr. Frank N. Furter's scary castle. What began as a Brad and Janet evening evolves into a nutty nightmare when the mad genius' crowning bionic achievement, a sexy blond muscleperson named Rocky, frustrates his creator's desires by going straight—falling in love with Janet. The play was offensive, ear-splitting and a lot of fun; and an adaptation that utilized the full resources of old-fashioned movie magic could have made a terrific film. Alas, such things may be beyond man's puny powers.

Or at least Jim Sharman's. Sharman (who directed the stage version as well) proves knowledgeable about horror-movie conventions: one character has LOVE and HATE tattooed on his fingers, like nasty Robert Mitchum in *The Night of the Hunter;* and at the end Rocky carries his dead master up a replica of the RKO tower, a cute King Kong to Dr. Frank's Fay Wray. But the visual conventions, which Mel Brooks mastered for his *Young Frankenstein,* are out of Sharman's range. Any Hollywood veteran who wasn't utterly grossed out by the material could have kept *Rocky Horror* from looking like any other static filmed musical. And, at the Saturday midnight screening I attended, the theater management further detoxified the movie by turning the volume down too low. O'Brien's music—genuine, witty, you-can't-sit-down rock 'n' roll—ought to surround the audience. But, through the combined efforts of the director and the projectionist, you're forced to guess at the original show's logic and lipread its lyrics. At least Tim Curry's performance as Dr. Frank is preserved intact. The strutting, sequined model of bisexual beefcake, Curry could almost be a psyched-out seventies clone of the early Brando. Wonder what he'll look like in the year 2001?

MUSIC

Rock

The hybridization of America

By Janet Maslin

Gerry Beckley, a disarmingly callow 24-year-old singer/songwriter who, quite literally, sees the world through rose-colored glasses, is the member of America who can sometimes sound like Paul Simon—so much like him, in fact, that Beckley tells an interesting little anecdote on the subject. It seems that when "Sister Golden Hair" (the America single that first made the uncanny resemblance apparent) was first released, Bob Dylan was espied by a reliable source in a record store, inquiring about the new Simon song. Simon himself was caught making similar inquiries not long thereafter. "I guess he wanted to see who it was that sounded so much like him," chuckles Beckley, who seems amused by the tale and totally untroubled by its implications.

If America were nothing more than a trio of casual plagiarists, they could have been dismissed a long time ago—in 1971, to be precise, when their first and most blatantly imitative record rocketed to the top of the charts. "A Horse With No Name" offended an unusually wide range of pop enthusiasts, from those taking umbrage at the song's lyrics (who could ever forget a couplet like "In the desert you can remember your name/Cause there ain't no one for to give you no pain"?) to those who resented the vocalist's unabashed aping of Neil Young. (Young himself, by all reports, fell into this latter category, though Beckley maintains that the group and its original sound-alike have a relationship of mutual respect.) Ignominious origins notwithstanding, America have improved markedly with age: the best of their new material, like "Sister Golden Hair" and the equally Simonized "Daisy Jane," can be lovely, unassuming and genuinely infectious. John Denver's worst enemies (or Werner Erhard's, for that matter) would have a hard time denying that "Looking For Space" is a pretty song; in much the same way, "Daisy Jane" has a bridge that's irresistibly hummable, and it opens with a heartbeat sound that can lull just about anyone into an intimate mood.

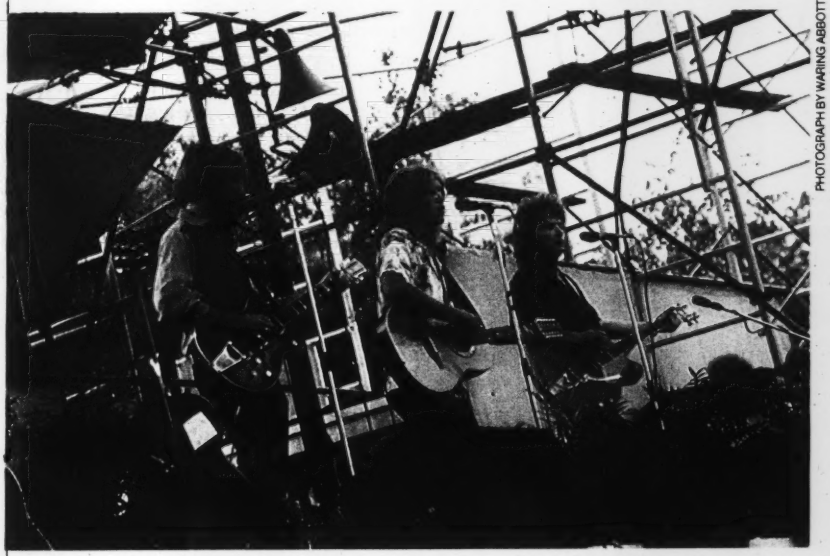
Since the early days of their puling Youngism, America have used intimacy as their stock-in-trade; their best records are insistently sincere and executed smoothly enough to appeal to a broader following than they generally draw. *History: America's Greatest Hits* isn't a bad album to own even if you aren't one of the dewy-eyed teens who flock to their live shows. But considering the degree of earnestness their music suggests, it's surprising to find that the offstage manner of the group (and its sizable entourage) is more red-

olent of a fraternity lounge than of any sensitivity session. Or perhaps it's not so surprising after all: America took some of the hardest critical knocks imaginable when they were 17, 18 and 19 years old (respectively), and they have since managed to insulate themselves from abuse by maintaining an ambience of arrested development.

Beckley's speaking voice is much sharper than the sweet, blurry tones in which he sings, his interview manner understandably guarded despite all his protestations to the contrary. He insists that the nastiness the group encountered upon making its Stateside debut scarcely stung at all. (Beckley, Dewey Bunnell and Dan Peek were U.S. Army brats, and they originally joined forces while growing up in England.) "If I had to single that out and say what that thing did, it would be impossible," Beckley explains. "Besides, we were more than paid for our work." Yet the early shock waves couldn't have helped but do them harm—and, in a backhanded way, aided them, too. America seem like an unusually insulated outfit, even in a milieu where golden geese are traditionally sheltered; however they explain the protective shell that grew around them, they certainly have been shielded from much of the resentment that persisted long after that first wave. Their lengthy isolation has lent them a kind of innocence, a naivete that lets them see the Paul Simon business as nothing worse than funny.

This vacuum also has helped them develop a knack for creating wholly synthetic music by blithely recycling anything they hear and like. Their tastes are simple—Beckley likes early Beatles and Hollies, Paul Simon before he left Art Garfunkel—but also very pure. And so, although America remain miserable lyricists (one Greatest Hit has a lover declaring he needs his mate "like the flower needs the rain . . . like the winter needs the spring") and so-so tunesmiths, they do have one incontrovertibly unique skill: they can absorb what they hear and reformulate it into hybrid music that has surprising integrity, and an equally surprising absence of personality. Influences can pass through the wax of America's ears and out onto that of their records and wind up feeling reshaped yet not reconstituted. Instinctively, they use their taste the way other craftsmen use ideas and inspiration, and turn out unoriginal yet surprisingly agreeable material.

Such methods may be easy to hoot at in the abstract, but it's hard to dislike America up close: they have few pretensions, surprisingly little awareness of what it is they do and an ability to imitate lightly without the constraint of undue reverence. There's something chillingly futuristic about their methods, and yet the warmth of their delivery masks that entirely. Gerry Beckley says that he's been listening to both reggae and the harmonies of the Four Freshmen lately, and he only half-jokes about putting those things together someday. It's a cheerfully absurd notion, and, for that very reason, it may be right up America's alley.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WARING ABBOTT

Simonized: Even Bob Dylan thought America's "Sister Golden Hair" was a Paul Simon single.
Bunnell, Beckley and Peek (left to right) find the confusion amusing.

****** Total Explosion**, *Syl Johnson* (Hi). Johnson sounds—and has been produced to sound—like a gritty version of Al Green, but this is much hotter stuff than anything Green has turned out lately. This time Johnson's harmonica playing and his rough-edged vocals carve out a more distinctive niche than Hi has ever allowed him before, and Willie Mitchell's production carefully highlights the blues roots that distinguish Johnson from Green without erasing the most attractive similarities.

***** Words We Can Dance To,** *Steve Goodman* (Asylum). Previously best known as the man responsible for "City of New Orleans," Goodman by now has shaped a readily identifiable album style based on wry delivery, native charm and whimsically varied material (there's everything from a version of "Tossin' and Turnin'" here to a song about traveling salesman jokes). Goodman's ever-improving taste in material is matched only by the friendly ease with which he delivers it. His best, most consistent record to date.

*** Wings At The Speed Of Sound** (Capitol). A couple of very nice numbers plus an unconscionable truckload of filler. Linda's solo effort, "Cook of the House," is enough to make her husband look like rock's answer to Peter Bogdanovich. Pleasant, reasonably inoffensive album that probably should have been a single.

Black and Blue, *The Rolling Stones* (Rolling Stones). Listless jive. Every cut is padded—"Cherry Oh Baby" is a line-by-line copy of a superior but obscure Jamaican single released several years ago. You may have to hear the record once to believe it, but after that there's hardly any reason to keep listening; this is enough to make *Goat's Head Soup* look like the Stones at their strongest. Even the new effort's title is borrowed: Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes made a far superior album of the same name a couple of years ago.

Books

Great Caesar's ghosts

By Geoffrey Wolff

Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream *by Doris Kearns.* Harper & Row (432 pp., $12.50).
LBJ: An Irreverent Chronicle *by Booth Mooney.* Crowell (290 pp., $9.95).

The politician, beset by critics he regarded as demons, critics who wished to punish and even destroy him, awoke from a terrifying dream. "Lying in the dark, he could find no peace until he got out of bed, and, by the light of a small flashlight, walked the halls of the White House to the place where Woodrow Wilson's portrait hung. He found something soothing in the act of touching Wilson's picture; he could sleep again. . . . He was still alive and moving; it was Woodrow Wilson who was dead."

This politician was pressured out of office, and the day after he quit politics he turned upon the journalists who had recorded his steep decline: "You fellows won't have me to pick on any more. . . . You can find someone else to flog and insult." Whereupon this unhappy man retreated into a retirement at the far edge of America, hunkered down, holed up and lived like a hermit.

Surely we know him. He is in fact Lyndon Johnson, and his attraction to presidential portraits is recorded in Doris Kearns' psycho-history; his attack on the press, at least as petulant as Nixon's own following his defeat in the 1962 California gubernatorial election, is told by Booth Mooney, a Johnson speechwriter and crony. As different as these books are—the former responsible and grave, the latter breezy and by intention "lighthearted"—both make it clear that Johnson became increasingly disabled by his own contradictions. A man who affected to despise fancy talk and manners, Johnson was a politician devious to the point of pathology and almost invariably counterfeit in his public expressions and sentiments. A man of the people and self-styled populist, he indulged—beyond the imaginative reach of even King Richard—his every whim and honeyed up to men of education and privilege.

On the one hand. . . on the other. No one could hold such opposing principles in perpetual equipoise unless he were an utter scroundrel, or surrendered to his own delusions. Lyndon Johnson was not an utter scoundrel. Doris Kearns, a 25-year-old White House Fellow from Harvard when President Johnson took her into his confidence, refers to a psychological phenomenon called *folie à deux*, by which "strong, overbearing personalities are able to make others living under the same premises accept their own delusional systems." The delusional symptoms were extreme: Johnson confided in Kearns, displaying what seemed to her and many others his paranoia. His critics were "traitors." Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin's car, Johnson claimed, could be found "in front of [James] Reston's house the night before Reston delivered a blast on Vietnam" in the *New York Times.*

Kearns was a White House Fellow when Johnson, relentlessly drawn to the "Harvards," first took her into his confidence.

The following presidential monologue was directed at Kearns in 1971, after Johnson had had the benefit of three years to reflect upon his slide down the greasy pole, but Bill Moyers and speechwriter Richard Goodwin heard similar maunderings as early as 1965: " 'Two or three intellectuals started it all, you know. They produced all the doubt, they and the columnists in the Washington *Post*, the New York *Times*, *Newsweek*, and *Life*. And it spread and it spread until it appeared as if the people were against the war. Then Bobby began taking it up as his cause and with Martin Luther King on his payroll he went around stirring up the Negroes and telling them that if they came out into the streets they'd get more. Then the Communists stepped in. They control the three networks, you know, and the forty major outlets of communication. It's all in the FBI reports. They prove everything. Not just about the reporters but about the professors too.' "

Let us put aside the language of the greybeards, their *delusions* and *folies à deux* and *paranoias*. Johnson's vision of the world and his place in it was, like Nixon's after him, crazy, plain crazy. Kearns roots around in the man's childhood for provocations for his irregularities and, like any analyst-without-portfolio, settles on Johnson's mother, Rebekah Baines. This woman played the cultured lady to her husband, an unlettered and vulgar lout of a politician. She fancied herself a gifted writer and instructed her son in elocution. She bartered with him, using as coin her love, which she would withhold most cruelly if her boy displeased her. Her hold on Lyndon Johnson throughout her life was tenacious: "She was ever the 'great lady,' the 'perfect woman,' 'brilliant,' 'sexy,' 'beautiful'. . . ." Having taken inventory of his mother's virtues, Johnson went on to say that Doris Kearns reminded him of her. (Kearns does not specify which among her own virtues put him in mind of Rebekah Baines.) The precise nature of Johnson's association with Kearns remains, properly enough, in mystery, but it is clear that he revealed to her matters of astonishing intimacy, and often very late at night, or early in the morning, till cockcrow. He would come to her bedroom at his ranch and lie in her bed talking while she sat nearby in a chair, listening. The scene suggests less an analyst nodding as her analysand lies ruminating than it does a nurse keeping vigil beside a sickbed.

Kearns is dogged in her reliance upon classic explanations of Johnson's behavior. She finds him torn between

his mother and father, between the word and action, between sissydom and manhood. She invokes such instruments of motivation as Freud's "repetition compulsion" with excessively dogmatic zeal, whereas she all but ignores Johnson's relationship with his siblings. To her credit, however, she does not lose sight of the fact that her book has claim to the world's attention not because of the causes of her subject's interior turmoils but because of the public effects of those private causes. One of the most strikingly visible symptoms of Johnson's character was the part that elections played in his life, both as governmental processes and as private metaphors.

Before Johnson married Lady Bird, he fell in love with another girl whom he wished to marry; and who wished to marry him. Her father loathed Johnson, not least for his politics, and Johnson, humiliated by the man's contempt, withdrew from his bid for her. It was hurtful and messy, but when, some seven years later, he first ran for office, in opposition to the candidate of the girl's father's choice, she voted for him. So she loved him still, Johnson concluded: " 'The vote proved it.' " Much later, in 1964, elected by landslide, Johnson thought of millions upon millions marking his name on their ballots, each verifying him: " 'For the first time in all my life I truly felt loved by the American people.' " Then the love was withdrawn as he made war against strangers, and lied to his lovers. In 1963 eight out of ten Americans approved his presidency, and the following year seven, and the year after that six, then five and finally four. And still it did not register: " 'Deep down,' " he told Kearns, " 'I knew—I simply knew—that the American people loved me.' " Booth Mooney also testifies to Johnson's fixation on the people's affection. They voted for him. He made them promises, gave them gifts. Did they not love him? Did they not?

They did not. And the reason they did not is not to be found, I believe, in Johnson's unseen childhood injuries or in his dreams. Johnson was distrusted and then finally despised by Americans because he was so entirely political, so eager to show to each voter the face that each voter wished, as he imagined, to see. His fellow politicians, especially in the Senate, understood his appetite, which was only to an extreme degree their own, and they loved him—even that—for his manipulations of them. But Americans, for all the formal

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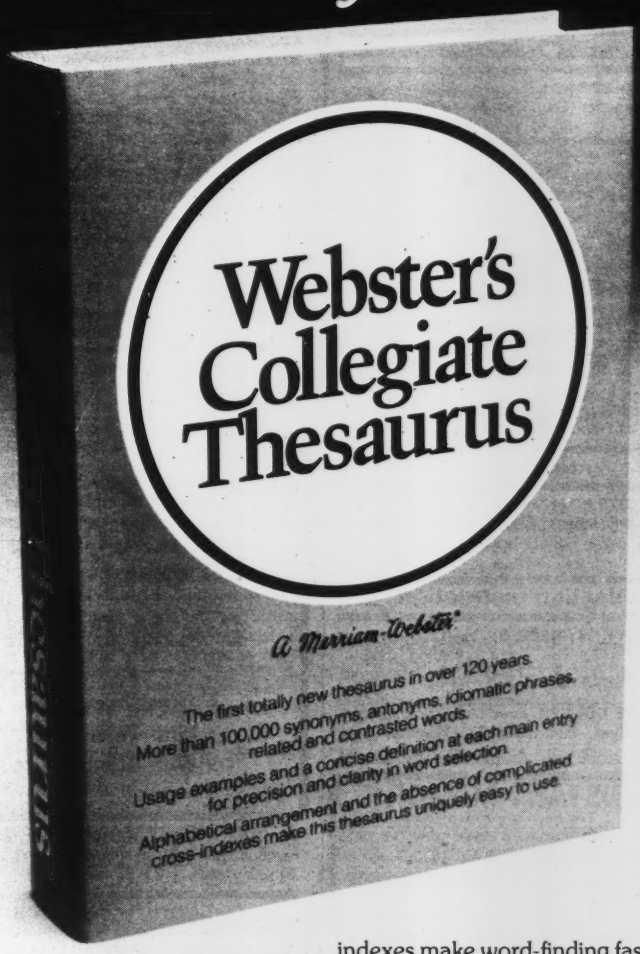
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reverence they pay the presidency, have small affection for politicians, and less for the art of politics.

Which brings us to Johnson's style. Booth Mooney recollects Johnson telling reporters that at a meeting with a foreign statesman "'I had my hand halfway up his leg before he knew what was happening.'" A similar story, circulating in Washington soon after the 1964 election, had the President confiding to Walter Lippmann that at a meeting with Prime Minister Indira Gandhi he had his hand "in her pants" before she knew what was happening. American culture is surely the richer for Johnson's explanation of his motive for keeping J. Edgar Hoover at the head of the FBI: "I'd rather have him inside the tent pissing out than outside pissing in." Everyone who knew him has remarked that, one-on-one, Johnson was a first-rate storyteller and mimic, a man capable of turning language to ends both comical and passionate.

Yet Johnson's public speeches, in accordance with the exactions of politics as he understood them, are neither in voice nor in character. Doris Kearns writes that Senator Johnson "could choose the arguments, words, and rhythms that persuaded each listener best—solemn words and cadenced speech for noble matters, casual words and clipped phrasing for less exalted and more pressing ones. . . . Demure with Richard Russell, he could swagger and swear with Robert Kerr." But once in the White House, Johnson dealt not with individuals but with Us, the undifferentiated electorate. And his voice took on the counterfeit solemnity and humility of a preacher. His speeches were awful: simpering, falsely statesmanlike, falsely intimate. They smelled bad; everyone had his number, and yet he persisted in a rhetoric that at no point touched what was authentic in him.

Booth Mooney recalls instructions he received from Vice-President Johnson: "'I've got to improve my speeches because every time Kennedy gives one of his he makes me look sick. It's all those famous sayings he uses from Lincoln and Shakespeare and people like that. I want you to find me a lot of new trite sayings I can use in my speeches.'" And so the writers who collectively are known to Mooney as "great Caesar's ghosts" delivered as they were bid, and Johnson came to sound like a committee of schoolmasters rather than a man. In *To Heal and to Build*, a volume of Johnson's speeches edited by James MacGregor Burns, together with appreciative commentary designed to boost the President before the 1968 campaign, the Poet of the Pedernales alludes to Vergil and Macaulay. He quotes Archibald MacLeish quoting Leonardo talking to Michelangelo. On signing the Air Quality Act of 1967, he quotes Dante. All bogus, of course. These people, to Johnson's mind, were layabouts and probably fairies. There is nothing in Johnson's speeches of what Henry James, whom Johnson inexplicably ignored, called "felt life." (Ironically, unaccountably, painfully, Johnson's one truly great public utterance—his "We Shall Overcome" peroration of March 15, 1965—was not included in Burns' testimonial volume.)

Style, as Johnson failed crucially to understand, is not fancy talk; it is the manifestation of a life. As Johnson had greatly the gift of life, so had he style, but it was not the style he wished. The style he wished was what he regarded as Harvard's, the Kennedys'. And in this, too, he brings to mind his pitiful successor, so in thrall to Johnson's predecessor, a kid quick with a smile and a wisecrack. The Kennedys, and not the war in Vietnam, may be seen by historians as the critically disruptive force during the degeneration of the Johnson and Nixon administrations. Johnson had no respect for President Kennedy as a senator, and not much more for him as a president, though he was loyal to him. But, like Nixon, he was mesmerized by the Kennedy style.

He explained his troubles during his adminstration thus: "I never went to Harvard. . . . I wasn't John F. Kennedy. . . . I wasn't friends with all their friends." After his brother left office, Sam Houston Johnson wrote a peevish remembrance of his brother's years in power as explicitly motivated by spite for what the Kennedys seemed to represent: "eating snails in garlic sauce" instead of plain "meat and potatoes," quoting poetry, reading "fancy literature," appreciating "certain music and art that most men don't find too appealing." But Johnson couldn't help himself. He was drawn relentlessly to the high-domes, the "Harvards"—like Kearns herself—who seemed beyond his reach.

Doris Kearns writes that when Johnson discovered Kennedy's affection for soup, he insisted that his own plane be stocked with soup. "He watched McNamara once in a restaurant ordering shrimp salad with three shrimps. For weeks after that Johnson ordered exactly the same thing." This is a sad story, made sadder by the loss of a vitally vulgar public style that could have educated and pleased this nation, an authentic American style that was repudiated by its master. Johnson loathed and feared Bobby Kennedy, and dreamed of his ghost, and invested in the name Kennedy power that might have been his own: "'Robert Kennedy had openly announced his intention to reclaim the throne [where is Freud, now that we can use him!] in the memory of his brother. And the American people,'" he told Kearns, "'swayed by the magic of the name, were dancing in the streets. The whole situation was unbearable for me.'" And so, suffering dreams of his own paralysis, driven near mad by his misapprehension of the grace and magnetism and style of the Kennedys, Johnson quit.

Johnson was always on the edge of quitting this race or that office, as both books show. He despised confrontation as relentlessly as he sought love. Yet confrontation, not love, was his lot. And it was because he would not let us know him, or let himself be what he was. So history may be sadly summarized in words taken from Robert Sherrill's portrait of Johnson, *The Accidental President*, an exercise in ungoverned malice: "great promise, overripeness, spoilage."

Doris Kearns told an interviewer for The Book-of-the-Month-Club (for which her book is the current full selection) that "doing" the book was "an unabashed joy." May we be permitted a smile, recollecting ghostwriters and lawsuits with Basic Books and breached contracts with Simon and Schuster and the rancid publicity surrounding her comings and goings with her husband, Richard Goodwin? Her book is by no means an "unabashed joy" to read. It is too generalized, not firmly enough grounded in anecdote and quotation, which should have been its principle virtues. There is a paucity of quotations about Johnson by his colleagues and virtually no examples of his public statements. The book lacks fire, seems reductive, slack, almost weary. If Booth Mooney's effort resembles a boarding-house clothesline hung with a rag-tag wash of anecdotes, it is somehow more personal than Kearns' book, which should at least have been the most personal record of an intersection between a biographer and a subject we have had. As Sherrill said about that subject: "great promise. . . ."

Food

Growing the royal herb/By Paula Wolfert

In Greece basil was called the royal herb: no one but the king could cut it, and only with a golden sickle. Pliny said it was an aphrodisiac and suggested feeding it to horses during their mating season. In Italy it is still the herb of love: a peasant calling on his girlfriend may wear a sprig behind his ear, and a woman can signal her lover by leaving a pot of it on her windowsill. Chances are you've only seen it dried and shredded in little supermarket bottles. If so, the first thing you should learn about basil is that it's really only good when it's fresh. Dried, it loses not only its grandeur but also its taste. Although fresh basil is hard to find in stores, you can easily grow it yourself. Plant it now and you'll have a wonderful harvest in August, enough for an orgy of basil-flavored foods—*pestos, pistous,* salads, stews and soups.

There are from 50 to 60 species of basil to be found in warm climates around the world, but very few cuisines take advantage of it. In its native land of India, basil is a holy plant, grown around homes and temples. English colonialists, wanting to administer an oath to Hindus in court, found that the basil bush was a happy substitute for a bible. The English took basil home with them in the sixteenth century: they thought it had medicinal properties. Elizabethan herbalist John Parkinson recommended the plant, and especially the seed, "to procure a cheerful and merry heart."

Around the Mediterranean, the royal herb is used chiefly as a perfume and an insect repellent. When I lived in Morocco, basil was plentiful, but not in the kitchen. To the amazement of those who saw me, I would harvest leaves from plants that were arranged on the windowsills to ward off mosquitoes and flies.

Part of the reluctance to eat basil may be superstitious: until recently in Morocco, people believed that if you ate basil in the morning and were bitten by a scorpion in the afternoon, you would not survive the night. Through the centuries, basil has been dogged by associations with scorpions and decapitations. The Romans placed basil beneath rocks to lure scorpions into traps. The seventeenth-century Flemish Dr. Van Helmont went one step further: if crushed basil were left between two bricks, he promised, it would metamorphose into scorpions. A French physician with the improbable name of Dr. Hilarious claimed that a whiff of the herb would cause a scorpion to be hatched in one's brain. As for decapitations—Salome buried John the Baptist's head under a basil bush, and Lisabetta in *The Decameron* and the heroine of Keats' *Isabella* found similar resting places for the heads of their lovers.

Basil's American history is less gory. Transported here in the seventeenth century, it was offered for sale in the *Virginia Gazette* of 1775.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARLETON RAY/PHOTO RESEARCHERS

Sweet basil is the variety normally used in this country, and more Americans are growing it than ever before. Seed companies report a spurt in herb seed sales, with basil among the leaders of the pack.

The time to plant basil is in late spring. To grow the herb directly from seed, sprinkle the seeds onto a surface of moist seed compost, cover with a film of sieved soil and gently pat it down. According to an old saying, basil will germinate best if you give it "a good curse and a good stomp." Pliny suggested dousing the ground with boiling water after sowing. Even without these inducements, however, seedlings should appear in five days. When they're big enough to handle, plant them in your garden or transplant them to 6-inch pots and set them on a sunny windowsill.

To keep your basil plants happy, give them lots of water and sunshine. As for fertilizer, there are two schools of thought: those who say use it to produce big bushy plants, and those who tell you the flavor will be better if you don't. Either way, be sure to pinch out the center tips. This will force side growth, producing the full foliage that you want. To keep your basil growing through the winter, cut off buds as soon as they appear. If you've been growing the plants outdoors, bring them inside in pots before the frost.

Figure on raising at least two basil plants for each person you intend to feed. Recipes for Genoese *pesto*—the savory pasta sauce of basil, a mixture of pecorino and Parmesan cheeses, olive oil, nuts and garlic—call for a minimum of two packed cups of leaves. *Pistou pommade*—the green sauce that accompanies the fabulous vegetable soup of Marseilles—requires great quantities, too. Still, your basil should last if you're careful when you pick it—new leaves will soon appear on the plants.

Fresh basil is outstanding from a culinary point of view, having an affinity for many things. There's a curious old American recipe for a basil-flavored pound cake, but normally basil is used uncooked. It goes beautifully with fresh cheese, oil, garlic and tomatoes. It can be used to flavor vinegar, in butter for snails, on grilled mussels, in a bouquet garni and in numerous Mediterranean salads. The larger so-called lettuce-leaved basil has the most delicate flavor; smaller-leaved varieties are spicier but less versatile. There are special basils from Kenya and Thailand that are used in herbal teas, and an ornamental variety called "dark opal" that is particularly good in vinegar marinades.

Try any of them, and see if you agree with John Gerard, a sixteenth-century herbalist, who wrote: "The smell of basil is good for the heart and head. The seed cureth the infirmities of the heart, taketh away sorrowfulness which cometh of melancholy, and maketh a man merry and glad." ●

Paula Wolfert is the author of Couscous and Other Good Food from Morocco, *and* Mediterranean Cooking, *to be published this fall.*

Final Tribute

Charity begins (and ends) at home/By Martin Kaplan

Giving is going.

It took three years and $3.5 million for a national Commission on Private Philanthropy and Public Needs to conclude, among other things, that "giving is not keeping pace." The estimated $80 billion a year that Americans contribute to charity, religions, universities, ballets, the Boy Scouts, political prisoners and so on seems like a staggering pile of scratch, but things—as usual—are worse than they seem.

Billions of dollars are as easy to think about concretely as quasars, quarks, astral projection and Heidegger's *Being and Nothingness*. Even so, some recent statistics about the plummeting total of time and money given away are worth conjuring up. Ever since 1969, giving has dropped steadily; measured as a percent of the gross national product (our most totemic Unthinkable Number), it has fallen from 1.98 percent then to 1.80 percent now. Or, measured as a proportion of personal income given away, the decline from 1960 to 1972 is about 15 percent.

Everyone seems to be giving less in these stag-flationary times, though some groups are particularly avant-garde in their new penuriousness. Not surprisingly, it's in the middle-income range—$10,000 to $25,000 annual income households—that the dip in contributions is most dramatic. The receiving end, too, is hurting selectively: whereas religion used to get more than half of all funds given away, by 1974 its haul had dropped to about 43 percent.

Not many people are aware of the heavy dependence of vast swatches of American life on charitable contributions. "Charity" usually conjures up visions of hearty alumni solicitations and a certain amount of dreaded-disease mongering. But the range of American life that subsists on voluntary giving—that part of society neither government nor business—also includes libraries, museums, feminist organizations, block associations, research institutes, hospitals, family planning clinics and environmentalists. All told, well over half a million voluntary associations exist. From the Y to the Metropolitan Opera, we depend on them for health, knowledge, culture, learning, social activism, affiliation and a dozen other services in the public interest; in turn, they depend on our time and cash.

The Internal Revenue Service long ago enshrined in Section 501(c)(3) of its code that group of tax-free nonprofit organizations to which gifts by individuals were—presto!—tax-deductible. In 1974 about 30 million people used the charitable deduction, reducing the amount of federal taxes they would have otherwise shelled out by around $4 billion. The rationale behind the charitable deduction was the same in 1917 as it is now: people who give away money are at the same time promoting organizations and

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institutions that serve the public interest and reducing their income without gaining personal goods or services. On that which thou givest away for the common weal, thou shalt not fork over to Uncle Sam.

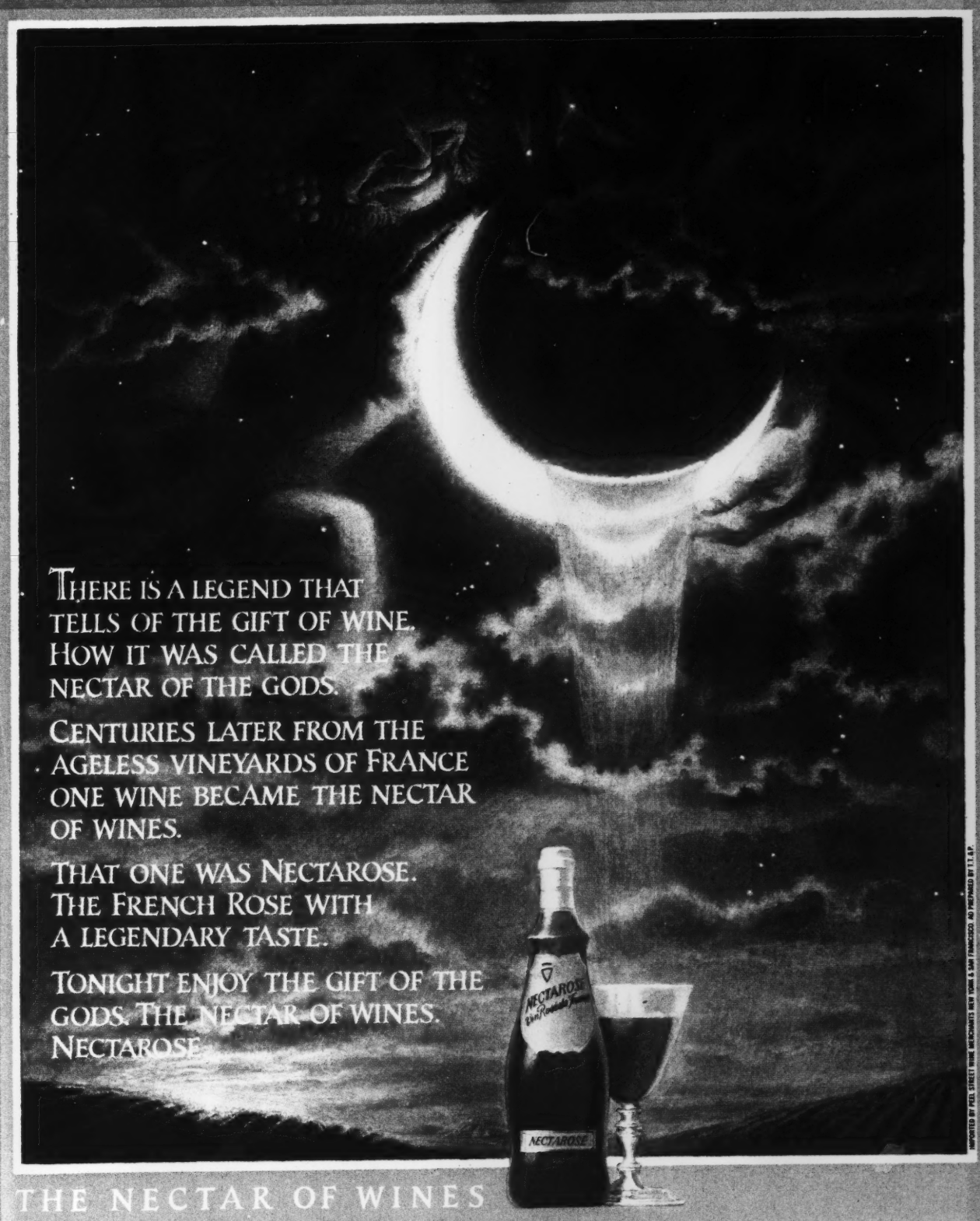
But fewer than one out of three people goes through the agony of itemizing his deductions; the rest opt instead for the firm swift knife of the standard deduction. And anyway, what most people suspect about the charitable deduction is true: it's an upside-down affair that benefits the rich. As a former assistant secretary of the treasury for tax policy put it, "If a person in the 70 percent tax bracket gives a sum of money, he is able to deduct that sum of money from his tax base, and in effect he is only giving 30 percent, whereas when a person in the 14 percent bracket gives a sum of money, he is giving 86 percent." The government forgoes more income from rich people than from middle- and low-income folk; the more money you have to start out with, the more the government subsidizes your giving. Progressive income tax, indeed.

Some reformers have suggested boosting the incentive for giving and broadening the base of philanthropic participation by using a tax credit. An individual whose income is under $10,000, say, could simply subtract $50 or $100 from his federal tax bill and give that money instead to a nonprofit organization. Then contributions might more truly reflect American diversity.

But any such prescription for philanthropy must face the sad prospect that altruism itself seems to be on the skids. Whereas other cultures and times seem to have prided themselves on their do-gooding, their voluntary associations, their public service and their alms, ours seems to reward selfishness. Now there is abroad the noxious piece of conventional wisdom that people contribute out of guilt (Lenny and the Panthers); fear (those disease ad campaigns intimating that unless you-know-who writes out a check, and fast, you-know-who may soon have no hand to write with); the wish to buy prestige (all those elegant museums and distinguished chairs and dormitories endowed by swindlers, crooks and cheats); the hope to perpetuate vested class interests (our tasteful foundations); and the horse-sense not to look a good tax ploy in the mouth.

As if this weren't enough, we have space-age rationales for further legitimizing the new miserliness. I'm selfish, I'm okay. As long as you "take responsibility for" your selfishness, some would have us believe, everything is hunky-dory.

So at a time when our only hope for participatory democracy may lie in the societal interstices that belong to neither government nor business, this voluntary sector is in trouble. More and more cynics are telling us that charity, if it's anywhere, begins in the home. And if it *is* there, they're saying, five'll get you ten someone's used it as collateral on a second mortgage. ●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THE NECTAR OF WINES

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Final Tribute

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